

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 13.

MARCH, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

Crowley's Crew.

Incessant, day and night, each crater roars
Like the volcano on Sicilian shores;
Their fiery wombs each molten mass combine,
Thence, lava-like, the boiling torrents shine;
Down the trenched sand the liquid metal holds,
Shoots showers of stars and fills the hollow moulds.

SUCH is the description that an old local historian applies to an institution which was famous and important once, but has fallen into desuetude now, and lives only as a cherished but ever-fading retrospect in the traditions of a village. About the beginning of the present century foundries and smelting furnaces would not be the matter-of-course things they seem at present, and one can quite sympathise with the poet whose imagination bodied forth, with so much prodigality of metaphor, the above-

quoted lines. The works deemed worthy of such distinguished mention were those of Messrs. Crowley, Millington, and Co., at Winlaton and Swalwell, then one of the most important industries of the district, and perhaps the most important as a steel and iron manufactory.

As the foundation of the factory dates about two hundred years back, local history is reticent respecting the details of that event. All we can gather is that its birth was attributable to the commercial enterprise of one Ambrose Crowley. This fact in itself, however, is a most interesting one, inasmuch as Ambrose Crowley was one of the most notable figures in the commercial world of his time. Commencing life as an anvil-maker at

Winlaton, Durham.



Dudley, in Staffordshire, he gradually acquired wealth, and in 1680 or 1682 we find him at Sunderland, engaged in founding there a factory for the fabrication of various kinds of iron utensils. But he did not find the banks of the Wear suitable, and about 1690 he transferred his "Cyclopean colony," as it was called, to Winlaton. It would seem that in the new situation the works thrived and were extended, for in 1697 there is found in the *Postboy* (No. 510) the following advertisement indicating that the ordinary sources of supply were not sufficient to meet the demand for hands at the Winlaton establishment :-

MR. CROWLEY, at The Doublet, in Thames Street, London, Ironmonger, doth hereby give notice, that at his Works at Winlaton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, any good workman that can make the following Goods shall have constant Employment and their Wages every week punctually paid (viz.), Augers, Bedscrews, Box and Sad-Irons, Chains, Edge-Tools, Files, Hammers, Hinges, Hows for the Plantations, Locks, especially Ho-Locks, Nails, Patten Rings, and almost all other sorts of Smith's Ware.

Crowley resided in London, and grew rapidly in wealth and position; but whether this was entirely attributable to the revenue accruing from the Winlaton factory we cannot discover. His importance as a merchant was crowned by the distinction of knighthood, which was conferred upon him on the 1st of January, 1706, and in the following year we read of Sir Ambrose Crowley as enjoying the triple honours of Sheriff of London, Alderman of the City, and Member of Parliament for Andover. His admission to the ranks of the titled and fashionable class was not unnoticed by the wits of the time, who found in his humble extraction a fruitful, though to them not very creditable, theme for the exercise of their powers of travesty. It is believed that Sir Ambrose is immortalised under the name of Sir John Anvil in No. 299 of the "*Spectator*," a contribution attributed to Addison.* If this be so, and there were really any foundation of truth for the satirical portrait drawn by the writer, one might see a justification for the railery of the *beaux esprits*; but it is difficult to reconcile the administrative genius which conceived the constitution of the Winlaton community and the commercial eminence that culminated in knighthood, with the social and domestic inanity ridiculed by the "*Spectator*." With reference to Sir Ambrose, it is only necessary to add that he died in 1713, leaving estates and £200,000, besides his factory.

Sir Ambrose died, but his works at Winlaton went on and were the means of making his name a household word in the northern district for nearly another century and a half. From "a few deserted cottages" they in the course of time transformed Winlaton into a

populous and well-to-do trading centre, rivalling in importance and excelling in substance many of the large towns. In comfort, education, and intelligence the workmen were far ahead of the labouring population of the time. Under the system instituted by Sir Ambrose Crowley they could scarcely have been otherwise. They were governed by a code of laws which established a community of interests between master and men, and bound the whole of the employees together by a kind of family tie. While every person was subjected to defined and strictly enforced regulations, individual freedom remained unrestricted, and a spirit of bold independence was fostered amongst the men which distinguished them singly and collectively from all others. One of the notable peculiarities of the factory was the registration of the workpeople. Every man employed upon the place had not only his name entered upon the register, but also his age, religion, height, complexion, place of birth, and last place of residence. But this was not all. Whether or not he indulged in the use of what is by very much courtesy called the "fragrant weed" was also noted down, but whether any pains and penalties were attachable to smoking we are unable to state. Neither was personal history neglected in this curious chronicle. Many strange incidents are recorded opposite the names of the employees, women as well as men, for work was found for females on the premises. One case may be quoted showing that modern accomplishments were not entirely unknown even in the early part of last century. Anne Partridge, of Dudley, we are told, came and sojourned three weeks, during which time "she got into all the debt she could, then ran away—an arrant rogue." This deeply-interesting volume, we regret to say, along with other valuable business documents of the firm, was cast into a furnace and destroyed in 1862 at the command of the then proprietor, when he resolved to obliterate the principles which up to his time had ruled the prices and contracts, in order that he might dictate the terms of labour according to his own interests and will. As we have already indicated, the factory was governed by an elaborate code of laws, which exerted a power beyond the mere details of business, and superseded the law of the country in regard to matters which are now dealt with in County Courts and at Petty Sessions. The conduct of the business of the firm was confided to what was called the "Committee of Survey." This body consisted of the head agent and the two surveyors, and their duties were to read all letters and issue directions respecting the work to be done in the different departments. This committee conducted the correspondence of the firm, and all letters were headed "Committee of Survey," followed by the number of the week. Dates on correspondence were regulated not according to our present system based

* Sir John Anvil "began the world with a small parcel of rusty iron; and being gifted in the acquisition of wealth, was knighted in his 30th year, and being intent on making a family (with a dash of good blood in their veins) married a woman of fashion, who changed his name to Enville, and confined her husband to the cockloft when she had visitors of quality."

upon the Gregorian calendar, but by the number of weeks which had elapsed since the factory was established. Thus, the last bundle of letters sent out by the firm under its primitive constitution were dated "Week 9,234." Next to the "Committee of Survey" stood "The Council," which was composed of the officials already named, with the addition of the cashier, the ware-keeper, and the iron-keeper. They met every Thursday at ten o'clock, and their duties were to deal with complaints about the work and questions or disputes connected with wages. "Crowley's Court" was the chief tribunal of the factory. It bore the character of both a criminal and civil authority, and dealt with the delinquencies, disputes, and debts of the workmen. Infractions of the factory laws and breaches of social order were here punished, quarrels were adjusted, and civil claims heard and adjudicated upon. If a tradesman wished to recover a debt due from any of the men, he brought the matter before "Crowley's Court," and if he established his claim, an order was made for a fixed sum to be deducted periodically from the man's wages towards the liquidation of the debt. In like manner bastardy claims were settled. Legal rights were thus cheaply and promptly secured, and circumlocutory and extortionate processes of the regular law courts were avoided. With rare exceptions, the orders made and the penalties inflicted by the court were thoroughly effective. The men had either to submit to them or sacrifice the constant and well-paid employment afforded at the factory; and, in those times of restricted trade, the first alternative was the more acceptable of the two.

The social arrangements of the factory were conceived in the same benevolent and intelligent spirit. Ample provision was made for the sustentation of those who were sick or otherwise incapacitated for work. A rate of 9d. in the pound earned by each employee was levied, and the product of this tax served to feed, house, and clothe the aged or permanently disabled, and to provide an allowance for such as were thrown off work by illness. The pensioners were known as "Crowley's Poor," and they wore a badge on the left arm on which the words "Crowley's Poor" were moulded. About the beginning of the present century, however, during a time of intense depression in trade, the workmen were reduced to an impoverished condition, and, being unable, in many cases, to provide for their own individual wants, they were compelled to desert the system under which "Crowley's Poor" were maintained. The workhouse then became the only resort of the infirm, until, in 1826, a Blacksmiths' Friendly Society was formed, and it supplied the place of the ancient institution. It is almost superfluous to remark that the education of the young was not neglected. A schoolroom, which served also for the purposes of a church, was part of the scheme of the founder of the factory. The minister's stipend was provided out

of the wages of the workpeople, an amount being deducted from the earnings of each person at the rate of 2½d. in the pound. Originally the firm gave £10 annually towards this object, but afterwards an arrangement was made by which £20 remained for the support of the school after the clergyman's salary had been paid. It is worthy of note that the first chaplain of the factory was the Rev. Edward Lodge, who became afterwards headmaster of the Newcastle Grammar School. A gallery in Ryton Church was also reserved for "Crowley's Crew" exclusively. In 1819, the workmen established, at Winlaton, a library containing 3,000 volumes.

Freemasonry in the North probably owes a great deal to "Crowley's Crew." It is a matter of conjecture whether Sir Ambrose introduced it or whether it was a pre-existing institution; but, at any rate, it became active after the establishment of the works. Here the Lodge of Industry (No. 48), certainly the most ancient in the North, and probably the oldest in the provinces, was founded. Its records attest its vigorous condition at the beginning of last century, and show that it was in connection with working Masonry, and, moreover, that it possessed from the earliest times many peculiar privileges of the craft. Rather more than a century ago one of the ancestors of the late Mr. Joseph Laycock, of Low Gosforth Hall, was master of the lodge, and since 1720 the succession of masters has continued to the present day. The Lodge of Industry has been removed from Swalwell to Gateshead.

Thus far we have been occupied with the pretty portion of the picture. The laws by which the factory was governed, the institutions which grew up under their auspices, and the intelligent spirit in which laws were enforced and the institutions conducted, were, no doubt, admirable; yet the actual character of the men was scarcely in consonance with the theoretical excellence of their government. "Crowley's Crew," we are told, "were the terror of the country." Be it understood, however, they were not a party of predatory picaroons. Although their ideas about the rights of property were very much in advance of the time, they were not accustomed to put them into unjust operation. But the men were a compact and independent body. Endowed, too, according to the requirements of their craft, with the highest average of physical capacity, and holding ideas upon political and social rights which many even in our own day would call revolutionary, they had nothing to fear from other bodies of workmen, and were an object of dread to the surrounding squirearchy. There were no rural police in those days, and by Crowley's Crew the Game Laws and other legal restrictions whose justness was debatable, were over-ridden with impunity, although not without rough encounters occasionally. There are many instances on record where the sturdy

Winlaton blacksmiths consulted convenience to the detriment of equity. For instance, when provisions became very dear, they were wont to take possession of the market carts as they passed through the village on the way to Newcastle, and there and then dispose of the goods at what they considered reasonable prices. They were honourable enough to return the unlucky proprietor the proceeds of the sale, and he, accepting it with the best grace possible, would probably return home, mentally resolving to choose a safer, even if a more circuitous, route when next he went to town. An incident of a kindred character, but showing more emphatically the reckless boldness of Crowley's Crew occurred about the close of last century. Butcher meat, and, indeed, meat of every kind, had risen to a very high price. There was not, apparently, a corresponding increase in wages, and the Winlaton people began to feel the pinch of want. Accordingly, a meeting was convened, and, acting upon resolutions there passed, a formidable body of men marched in martial array to Newcastle. Proceeding straight to the market on the Sandhill, they took summary possession of the stalls and market carts, and with a haughty disregard of the cost of production, import duties, and retailers' profits, assumed the functions of salesmen. The rightful owners of the goods were astounded and terrified by the audacity of the act. The whole town was in a turmoil. What was to be done? To combine and attempt to recapture their property was a course which the traders dare not adopt unless they were inclined to risk broken bones along with the loss of property. Besides, the sudden reduction of prices had, as a matter of course, brought the blacksmiths a host of grateful allies. Only one resource was left to the upholders of the law. The military would have to be called out. The military were called out, and they came. People held their breath in awe, dreading a fearful and sanguinary conflict. But the blacksmiths were no less deficient in diplomacy than in daring. Their leader mounted an extemporised platform and addressed the military. Unfortunately history contains no report of that speech. Its effect, however, was electric. From dangerous opponents it changed the soldiers to cordial confederates, and they who had come to punish the marauders stayed to share in the pillage. Instead of restoring the illegally-seized goods to the rightful owners, they became ready purchasers of the cheapened provisions. The common amusements of the men were in conformity with the rugged and reckless spirit indicated above. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were favourite recreations, and these were varied by boxing encounters on Barlow Fell. In the latter accomplishment the Winlaton men were eminent, and they have reckoned among their body some of the pluckiest and cleverest pugilists that ever "tapped the claret." Their love of sport was very keen, but they did

not combine with it the knavery and malice which appertains too often to that propensity.

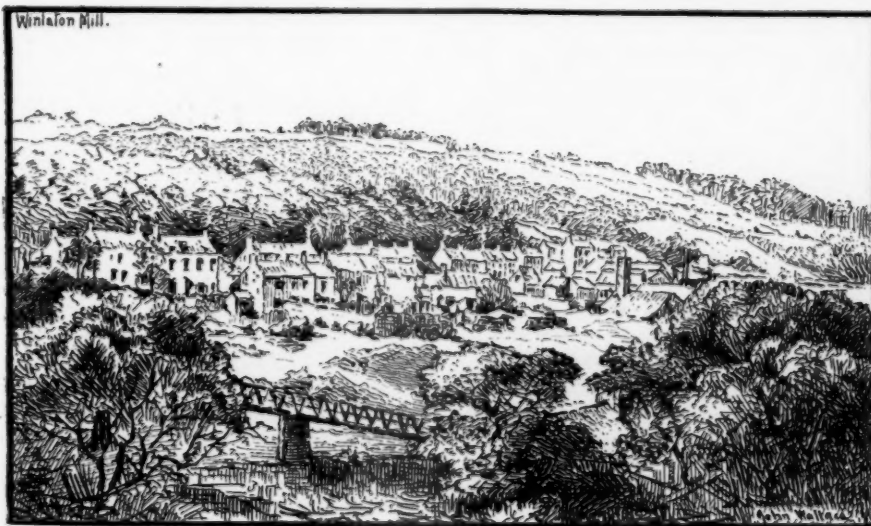
Having learned so much of the character of these men, the reader will readily apprehend that they played a conspicuous part in periods of political excitement. They were the leaders both of thought and action in every agitation for political rights. Pronounced and outspoken democrats, they were a perpetual source of alarm to the powerful Toryism of the time, and they took care to aggravate this feeling by exerting the utmost energy to arouse and foment the wrath of the people against the governing classes. In the agitation for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage which shook the country after the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of European peace, they played a prominent part in local demonstrations. The first great meeting in this locality was held in the Parade Ground, Percy Street, on the 11th of October, 1819. It was computed that there were 80,000 persons present on that occasion, and conspicuous amongst them all were Crowley's Crew. They had mustered in great force, and they wore white hats lined with green underneath the turned up rims—green and white being the old Newcastle Radical colours. The meeting voted a series of resolutions in which reform was recommended, and "the outrage at Manchester" was denounced, after which the people dispersed in the best of order. The richer classes, however, were much alarmed by the demonstration, and as showing the extent to which the Winlaton men contributed in frightening them we may quote a letter sent on the 17th of October to Viscount Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, by the Mayor of Newcastle. The Mayor wrote:—"It is impossible to contemplate the meeting of the 11th inst. without awe, more especially if my information is correct, that 700 of them were prepared with arms (concealed) to resist the civil power. These men came from a village about three miles from this town; and there is strong reason to suspect that arms are manufactured there: they are chiefly forgers." The Mayor's information was quite correct. Crowley's men—for it was to them he referred—had taken stern precautions to provide against another Peterloo. Not only did they make pikes in large numbers at Winlaton, but they also manufactured an ingenious instrument for the purpose of embarrassing cavalry movements. This was a four-pronged instrument which, however it might be thrown upon the ground, would have one sharp point sticking up, and as this would penetrate the feet of horses cavalry were rendered almost ineffective. These, together with pikes, were supplied to the agitators in order that they might be enabled to resist the interference to which the authorities were sometimes inclined to subject them. During the whole of the Reform agitation, and also in the Chartist movement, Crowley's men were very active, and from their ranks were supplied

some of the ablest and boldest of the leaders. At election times Crowley's Crew were the devoted champions of the popular candidate, and in the warlike scenes which often occurred under the old system of election they were held in considerable respect by the governing classes. The influence of these men must have been very strong. Their perfect organization and the power which it put into their hands could not fail to extort the admiration of the labouring population which surrounded them.

With the advance of the present century and the growth of trade competition, the prosperity of the old-fashioned works at Winlaton and Swalwell began to wither. Enjoying almost a monopoly of Government contracts, along with their widely-spread trade fame, they experienced a most successful career for about a century and a half. During the greater portion of that time their chief products were the articles enumerated in the advertisement already quoted, supplemented by others invented as time went on. About the year 1810, they introduced the process of steel manufacture discovered by Benjamin Huntsman, of Attercliffe, and for many years after Crowley's "German Blister" could not be surpassed, large quantities of it being sent even to Sheffield. This industry constituted the prop of the concern for a long time. As showing the magnitude of the works in the zenith of their fame, it may be mentioned that upwards of a thousand different articles were made in them. Here the whole of the hardware outfit of Franklin's and also of Ross's expedition was manufactured, and the English

navy was likewise supplied with most of its necessities of a similar kind. Towards the middle of the century, however, the prosperity of the firm began to wane. Younger firms, more advantageously placed, and characterised by all the energy and enterprise of youth, were competing successfully against them. The old factory was founded to a great extent upon monopolies and ancient privileges, and as these one by one were torn from beneath it, it sank. Enervated by long repose, it could not at once recover spirit and activity enough to keep abreast of its young rivals, who were braced for every emergency. Therefore, it passed gradually out of sight, out of repute, and out of memory. In its last struggles it robbed the workmen of their privileges in the manner we have adverted to above; but that did not afford it even a temporary halt in its descent, and ultimately the concern was wound up in 1872.

The firm in later years was known as that of "Crowley, Millington, and Co." Sir Ambrose Crowley's son, John, succeeded him as proprietor. Upon the death of the latter, his widow, Theodosia, succeeded to the ownership, and she took into partnership her London agent, Isaiah Millington, whose name was thenceforth incorporated with the firm. Mr. Millington survived till 1806, when he died at Greenwich at the age of 81; but Theodosia, with whom the name of Crowley became extinct, died in 1782, devising the bulk of her property to the Earl of Ashburnham, her son-in-law, and to his son and daughters, her then only surviving grandchildren.



The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

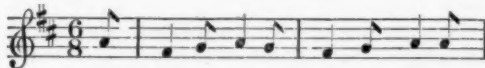
SWALWELL HOPPING.



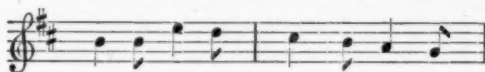
HE scenes described in this song are now unknown. A few gingerbread and fruit stalls form all that remains of the glories, such as they were, of Swalwell Hopping; but the song itself is worthy of a place in our collection as being descriptive of the customs of a century ago.

John Selkirk, the writer of "Swalwell Hopping," "Bob Cranky's 'Size Sunday," and "Newcastle Fair," local songs highly popular in their day, was born in Gateshead about the year 1783. His father was a hair-dresser in the Close, Newcastle. Of Selkirk's early life little is known, excepting that he was for some time a clerk in the office of Messrs Straker and Boyd, during which period, in all probability, he wrote the songs to which his name is attached in John Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," published in 1812. He afterwards removed to London, where he carried on business as a merchant, in which he appears to have been unsuccessful, as he returned to Newcastle about the year 1830 in very reduced circumstances. Little more is known about him from that date until about May, 1843, when he applied to Mr. Andrew Heslop, joiner, of St. Anne's Street, Newcastle, for leave to lie at night in his workshop amongst the shavings. This poor request was granted, and shelter, such as it was, he had there until his death; the neighbours occasionally relieving him with food. Mr. David Hamilton Wilson, an official of the Poor Law Guardians, kindly sought him out, and offered him parish relief. This he respectfully but firmly declined; but about a month after Mr. Wilson's visit, Selkirk sent to him for the loan of a sovereign, promising repayment out of the proceeds of some property in Cannon Street, Gateshead, in which he had an interest. The money was immediately sent to him. Thereafter until the night of his death little is known of his doings. He was left by Mr. Heslop in his shop as usual about five o'clock on the evening of November 11th, 1843. Sometime afterwards he appears to have gone with a tin can to the Tyne for water. This was the last seen of him alive. Shortly before eight o'clock he was found in the river drowned. At the inquest which was held his brother James attended and identified the body, but could give no information as to the circumstances of his death, there having apparently been little intercourse between them. Selkirk at the time of his death was in his 60th year. His remains were interred in the Ballast Hills Burial Ground.

The tune to which this ballad is sung is the Irish air of "Paddy's Wedding," a well known and favourite jig tune.



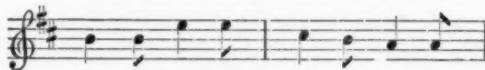
Lads! myek a ring, an' hear huz sing The



sport we had at Swal-well, O; Wor



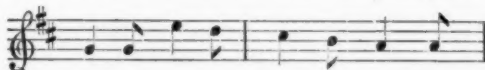
mer-ry play o' the Hop-pin' day, Ho' way,



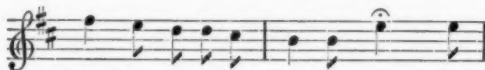
mar-rows, an' aw'll tell ye, O. The



sun shines warm on Whick-ham Bank, Let's



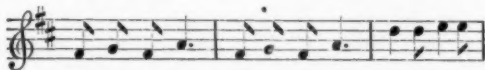
all lie doon at Dol-ly's, O, An'



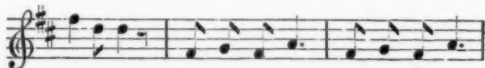
hear 'boot mon-ny a fun-ny prank, Play'd



by the lads at Crow-ley's, O - -



Fal the dal la, Fal the dal la, Fal the dal the



di-dee, O. Fal the dal la, Fal' the dal la,



Fal the dal the di-dee, O.

There was Sam, O zoons,
Wiv his pantaloons,
An' gravat up ower his gobby, O;
An' Willie, thou
Wi' the jacket blue
Thou was the varry Bobby, O.
There was knack-knee'd Mat, wiv's purple suit,
An' hopper hipp'd Dick, a' yellow, O;
Greet Tom was there, wi' Hepple's awd coat,
An' buck-shin Bob frae Stella, O.

When we wor drest
It was confest
We shem'd the cheps frae Newcassel, O ;
So away we set,
To wor toon gyet,
To jeer them a' as they pass'd us, O ;
We shooted some and some dung doon,
Lobstropolis fellows we kicked them, O ;
Some culls went hyem, some crush'd to toon,
Some gat aboot by Whickham, O.

The spree cam' on—
The hat was won
By carrot-pow'd Jenny's Jackey, O ;
What a feyce, begok !
Had muckle-mouth'd Jock,
When he twined his jaws for the bacey, O.
The kilted lasses fell tid pell mell
Wi' Tally-i-o the Grinder, O :
The smock was gi'en to slavering Nell—
Ye'd dropped had ye been behind her, O.

Wor dance began
Wi' buck-tyuth'd Nan,
An' Geordy, thou'd Jen Collin, O ;
While the merry black,
Wi' monny a crack,
Set the tamboureen a-rolling, O
Like wor forge hammer we bet sae true
An' shuk Raw's hoose se soundly, O ;
Tuff canna cum up wi' Crowley's crew,
Nor thump the tune se roundly, O.

Then Gyetshead Jack
Wiv's bloody back
Wad dance wi' goggle-eyed Mally, O ;
But up cam Nick
And gav him a kick
An' a canny bit kind o' fally, O.
That day a' Hawks's blacks may run,
They got monny a varry sair clanker, O.
Can they de owae wi' Crowley's crew
Frev a needle tiv an anchor, O ?

What's that to say
To the bonny fray
We had wi' skipper Robin, O ;
The keel bullies a'
Byeth greet an' sma'
Myed a beggarly tide o' the hoppin', O.
Gleed Will cried "Ma-a !" up lap and Frank
An' Robin that married his dowter, O ;
We hammer'd their ribs like an anchor shank,
They fand it six weeks efter, O.

Bald-pyet Joan Carr
Wad hev a bit spar
To help his marrows away wid, O ;
But, poor aad fellow,
He'd gotten ower mellow,
So we doon'd byeth him an' Davy, O.
Then Petticoat Robin jump'd up agyen,
Wiv's gully to marcyree huz, O ;
But Winlaton Dan laid him flat wiv a styen,
Hurrah ! for Crowley's crew, boys, O.

Their hash was settled,
So off they rattled,
An' we jigged it up se hearty, O ;
Wi' monny a shiver,
An' lowp se cliver,
Can Newcastle turn out sic a party, O ?
When quite dyun ower, the fiddlers went,
We staggered ahint, se murry, O ;
An' thro' wor toon, till fairly spent,
Roared "Crowley's crew an' glory, O."

The Birth of Middlesbrough.



MIDDLESBROUGH, the progress of which has been most extraordinary, was begun half a century ago. Houses existed on the site at a much earlier date, and in 1801 the population numbered twenty-five souls; but as a place of any importance it owes its origin to the invention of the locomotive. George Stephenson's steam-engine made it possible to reach Middlesbrough from the South Durham coal-field at a comparatively small cost, and so Middlesbrough became a port for the shipment of coals. It was Mr. Joseph Pease, the first Quaker member of Parliament, son of Mr. Edward Pease, the first promoter of railways, who conceived the idea of making marshy, agricultural Middlesbrough a coal-shipping port. Mr. Pease was a colliery owner, and he desired to take his coals to Middlesbrough, owing to the inadequate facilities for exporting at Stockton, where the Tees was so shallow that it was only with difficulty that small ships could get to it. The first public railway in the world was opened on September 27, 1825, and on May 23, 1828, Parliamentary sanction was obtained to a bill for the construction of a line between Stockton and Middlesbrough, including a bridge across the Tees at the former town. The length of the line, which was opened in 1830, was about four miles. In 1829, Joseph Pease, T. Richardson (of Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s Bank), H. Birkbeck, S. Martin, Edward Pease, jun., and F. Gibson, all members of the Society of Friends, purchased 500 acres of land at Middlesbrough, from William Chilton, a well-to-do farmer, the price paid being less than £1 an acre. The gentlemen acquiring the land had no use for so large a quantity; they merely required a strip of the riverside for shipping purposes; but Chilton would only part with the whole of the estate. Consequently, the six Quakers, who styled themselves the Middlesbrough Owners, obtained possession of land which, in a few years, was destined to become the site of a busy town. When Messrs. Pease and Partners purchased Middlesbrough, the population consisted of 25 persons. But the construction of the railway and the erection of coal-shipping staiths brought a number of people to the place. Huts were quickly run up for the shelter of navvies and the men employed at the wharf or staiths, and in 1831 the number of souls at Middlesbrough reached 131. The first ship loaded was the Sunnyside, and she took in her cargo in December, 1830. This was the commencement of commercial life in Middlesbrough. The little sketch of Middlesbrough as it appeared in 1832, copied from a picture of the period, shows what may be called rather a settlement than a town. Those who are familiar with the place believe that the picture represents the site of Stockton Street, North Street, and West

* The cry of "Ma-a" to a keelman gave great offence, from its allusion to a predatory transaction about the year 1710, when considerable losses were sustained by the farmers on the banks of the Tyne from the mysterious disappearance of a large number of lambs that were accidentally traced to the keelmen. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. I., page 470.)

Street. It was not till some years after 1832 that the iron trade was established in Middlesbrough; it was not till 1850 that the first ironstone was worked in Cleveland, with the exception of workings near Whitby; and it was not till 1858 that the first iron ship was built at Middlesbrough. A new dock of great magnitude was completed in 1842, and there are several staiths, communicating with a platform and the railway, by which vessels

West and Middle Marches. Under the protection of their castles, the people of this neighbourhood so strongly resisted the Act of Parliament made in Henry VII.'s time to incorporate them with the county of Northumberland, that in 1550 it was reported to Government that the sheriffs of the county had often to ride to attack offenders at Thirlwall, Blenkinsopp, and other places on the South Tyne; "for both they



MIDDLESBROUGH IN 1832.

can be loaded and unloaded independent of the fluctuations of the tide. There are also extensive shipbuilding yards and factories, and the whole place may be regarded as one of the marvels of industrial enterprise in the North.

White Lady of Blenkinsopp.

THE hoary fragments of the old castle of Blenkinsopp—the little blind man's den—stand on a knoll on the south side of the River Toppalt, about half-way between Haltwhistle and Greenhead, in the midst of a country naturally cold and naked, though its immediate surroundings are not devoid of sylvan beauty.

It was the seat of the ancient family of Blenkinsopp, and is supposed to have been built in 1339, when Thomas de Blenkinsopp had a license to fortify his mansion on the Borders of Scotland. It occurs as the residence of John de Blenkinsope in the list of Border castles about the year 1416; and in 1488 its proprietor of the same name, and his son Gerard, committed the custody of it to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who at that time was Warden of the

and the people of North Tindale always claimed and used their old liberties, and were, therefore, more obedient to the keeper of Tindale, or the Lord Warden, than to the sheriffs of Northumberland." In 1542, the castle is described as a tower of the inheritance of John Blenkinsope, damaged in the roof and not in good repair. History is thereafter silent as to the building until 1727, in which year it came into the possession of the Coulsons of Jesmond by the marriage of William Coulson with Jane Blenkinsopp, the heiress to the estate. In 1785, the names of the two families were blended, and John Blenkinsopp Coulson left the estates to his nephew, Colonel John Blenkinsopp Coulson, who built for his residence Blenkinsopp Hall, adjoining. Colonel Coulson was called the "heather chieftain," from having ridden to Morpeth at the head of the voters of South Tynedale, during the fiercely-contested election of 1826, with a sprig of heather in his hat. He died in 1863, and was succeeded by his son, Captain John Blenkinsopp Coulson, who married the eldest daughter of the seventh Lord Byron, representative of the celebrated poet. Captain Coulson died in 1868; but the name and fame of the family are still worthily upheld by Colonel William Lisle Blenkinsopp Coulson, now of Jesmond Manor House, the old residence of his ancestors. Our view of the castle, with the modern residence attached to it, is reproduced from a photograph taken

by Mr. J. P. Gibson, the well-known landscape photographer of Hexham.

Like almost all the old Northumbrian castles and peels, Blenkinsopp has the reputation of being haunted. A gloomy vault under the castle is said to have buried in it a large chest of gold, hidden in the troublous times: some say by a lady whose spirit cannot rest so long as it is there, and who used formerly to appear—though not, that we have heard, for the last four or five decades—clothed in white from head to foot, and so was known as "The White Lady."

About the beginning of this century, several of the least ruinous apartments in the castle were still occupied by a hind on the estate and some cotters. Indeed, two or three of them continued to be so down to the year 1820 or thereabouts. The visits of the White Lady seem to have been unfrequent latterly, and for some considerable time they had ceased. One night, however, shortly after retiring to rest, the hind and his wife (so the story goes) were alarmed on hearing loud and reiterated screams coming from an adjoining room, in which one of the children, a boy of about eight

years of age, had been laid to sleep. On hastily rushing in to see what was the matter, they found the boy sitting trembling on his pillow, terror-struck and bathed in perspiration. "The White Lady! the White Lady!" he screamed, as soon as he saw them. "What lady?" cried the astonished parents, looking round the room; "there is no lady here." "She is gone," replied the boy, "and she looked so angry at me because I would not go with her. She was a fine lady, and she sat down on my bedside and wrung her hands and cried sore. Then she kissed me and asked me to go with her, and she would make me a rich man, as she had buried a large box of gold, many hundred years since, down in the vault; and she would give it to me, as she could not rest so long as it was there. When I told her I durst not go, she said she would carry me, and she was lifting me up when I cried out and frightened her away." The hind and his wife, both very sensible people, concluded that the child had been dreaming, and at length succeeded in quieting him and getting him to sleep. But for three successive nights they were disturbed in the same manner, the boy



Blenkinsopp Castle

repeating the same story with little variation, so that they were forced to let him sleep in the same apartment with themselves, when the apparition no longer visited him. The effect upon the boy's mind, however, was such that nothing ever afterwards would induce him to enter into any part of the old castle alone, even in daylight.

The legend of the White Lady is not one of those that unsophisticated country people willingly let die; and the belief that treasure lies hidden under the grim old ruin, waiting to be disinterred, is probably still entertained by not a few. Indeed, there is hardly a place of the kind, either in this country or any other, regarding which some such impression does not exist. (See Layard on the subject.)

About fifty years since, we are told, a strange lady arrived at the village of Greenhead, and took up her quarters at the inn there. She told the landlady, in confidence, that she had had a wonderful dream, to the effect that a large chest of gold lay buried in the vault of Blenkinsopp Castle, and that she was to be the person to find it. She stayed several weeks, awaiting the return of the owner of the property to ask leave to search; but she either got tired of waiting, or could not obtain permission, and so she went away without accomplishing her purpose, and the hidden treasure, if there be such a thing there, remains for some more fortunate person to bring to the light of day.

Tradition accounts for the alleged hiding of the gold in the following way:—One of the castellans in the middle ages, named Bryan de Blenkinsopp, familiarly Bryan Blenship, was as avaricious as he was bold, daring, and lawless. He was once heard to say, when taunted with being a fusty old bachelor, that he would never marry until he met with a lady possessed of a chest of gold heavier than ten of his strongest men could carry into his castle; and fate, it seems, had ordained that he would keep his word. For, going to the wars abroad, whether to the Holy Land to fight against the Saracens, or to Hungary to oppose the Turks, we cannot tell, and staying away several years, he met with a lady in some far country who came up to his expectations, courted her, married her, and brought her home, together with a chest of gold which it took twelve strong men to lift. Bryan Blenship was now the richest man in the North of England; but it soon transpired that his riches had not brought him happiness, but the reverse. He and his lady quarrelled continually—a fact which could not long be concealed; and one day when the unhappy couple had had a more serious difference than usual, Sir Bryan was heard to utter threats, in reply to his wife's bitter reproaches, which seemed to indicate that he meant to get rid of her as soon as he could without any more formality or fuss than if they had merely been

"handfasted," that is, pledged to each other for a year and a day. The lady muttered something in return, which could not be distinctly heard by the servants, and so the affair, for the nonce, seemed to end. But a very short time afterwards—possibly the next night—the indignant, ill-used lady got the foreign men-servants who had accompanied her to the castle to take up the precious chest and bury it deep in some secret place out of her miserly husband's reach, where it lies to this day. Accounts differ as to what followed. Some say Sir Bryan disappeared shortly after he discovered his loss; others say the lady disappeared first; but it is affirmed that they both disappeared in a mysterious manner, and that neither of them was ever afterwards seen. It was, moreover, sagely hinted that the lady was "something uncanny," in plain terms, an imp of darkness, sent with her wealth to ensnare Sir Bryan's greedy soul. At any rate folks were sure that she was an infidel, for she never went to church, and used on Sundays to sing hymns to Mahoun, or some other false god, in an unknown tongue in her own room.

The late Mr. William Pattison, of Bishopwearmouth, who tells the tale somewhat differently in Richardson's "Table Book," mentions that a few years before he wrote the vaults of the keep of the castle were ordered by the occupier of the neighbouring farm to be cleared out for the purpose of wintering cattle in.

On removing the rubbish, a small door-way was discovered on a level with the bottom of the keep. On clearing out the entrance, the workmen were surprised by the appearance of a large swarm of meat flies, and the place itself smelt damp and noisome. The news soon spread that the entrance to the "Lady's Vault" had been discovered, and people flocked in great numbers to see it. Of the whole number assembled, however, but one man was found willing to enter. He described the passage as narrow and not sufficiently high to admit of a man walking upright. He walked in a straightforward direction for a few yards, then descended a flight of steps, after which he again proceeded in a straightforward course until he came to a doorway; the door itself had fallen to pieces, the bolt was rusting in its fastening, and the hinges clung to the post with palsied grasp. At this juncture the passage took a sudden turn, and a lengthened flight of precipitous steps presented themselves. Opening his lantern and turning the light, he peered down the stairs into the thick darkness, but, encountering thick, noxious vapours, his candle was extinguished, and he was obliged to grope his way back to his companions. He made another attempt, but never descended the second flight of stairs; and so little curiosity had their employer about the matter that he ordered it to be closed up, and the contents of the vault remain undiscovered to this day.

When Mr. Pattison saw the place some time after this adventure, the hole had been partially opened by some boys, who were amusing themselves with tossing stones therein, and listening to the hollow echoes as they rolled in the depths of the mysterious cavern, which matter-of-fact people may reasonably suspect was nothing more nor less than the castle draw-well.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Thomas Atthey,

THE VILLAGE PALEONTOLOGIST.

"The power of money is, on the whole, over-estimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class, and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual labourers in point of worldly circumstances."



NE of many lives illustrating the truth of the foregoing quotation from Dr. Smiles's "Self-Help" was that of Thomas Atthey—a man who, born in a Northumbrian pit cottage, and following the greater part of his days the occupation of a village grocer, was a diligent inquirer into the secrets of nature, and a pioneer in the half-explored region of pre-historic life. Kenton, in the western part of the parish of Gosforth, was his birthplace, and the year which preceded that of Waterloo was the date of his



THOS. ATTHEY.

birth. The rudimentary instruction common to colliery lads was given to him in the local school, and as soon as he was able to work his parents sent him down the pit to increase the family earnings, which at that period were none too plentiful. His intelligent looks and inquiring ways took the fancy of the master corver of the colliery,

and, after a short career underground, he was "brought to bank" for good, and taught the art of making corves—those huge baskets in which, before the days of tubs and cages, coals were brought out of the mine. He was always a "curious" boy—fond of birds and living things, and as he rose to manhood a taste for natural history grew upon him. When the weather suited, his spare time was spent at Prestwick Car, a large sheet of water near Ponteland, which has long since been drained away. There he fished, and shot water fowl and rare birds, and having taught himself the art of preserving the latter, he mounted them in cases, which he made and glazed himself, and soon gathered together an interesting and valuable collection. There also he met Mr. John Hancock, and received from that eminent naturalist counsel and encouragement in his pursuits.

Increasing interest in natural history had the effect of unsettling for a time Thomas Atthey's ideas of obtaining a livelihood. He wanted to be near some populous centre where he could study books, and yet be in the country where he could study nature. Kenton fulfilled both these conditions, but the time arrived when there was no room for him at that place. He removed to Wideopen, a hamlet on the Great North Road, near the upper end of Gosforth Park, and was residing there when a situation at a mine near Manchester was offered to him, and he accepted it. Selling his collection of birds and curiosities in Newcastle, he migrated to the metropolis of cotton, and begun the battle of life anew.

About the year 1850 Mr. Atthey returned to the North, and, after residing a short time in Newcastle, went to Cramlington, where he opened a grocer's shop. He had kept up his love of natural history while in Lancashire, collected birds and fossil remains there, improved the knowledge derived from observation by attentive reading, and having provided himself with a microscope, was prepared to investigate deeply and systematically some of the minuter forms of vegetable and animal life which he saw around him. Among the many objects which came under his scrutiny was the vast family of *Algae*, a tribe of plants which includes structures ranging from seaweeds many feet in length to submerged vesicles invisible to the eye. Those who notice in ponds and ditches a moss-like growth of a brownish colour will see nothing very striking or attractive. But to Thomas Atthey these muddy stains were full of interest. He knew them as a group of organised beings endowed with curious powers of

motion, and he set himself the task of searching out the mystery of their production and the manner of their existence. Prestwick Car, over which he fished and shot in his younger days, now afforded him another field for his observations, and the varieties of freshwater algae to be found there became the object of his study. To the diatomaceæ and desmidiaceæ, those beautiful forms of microscopic plants which have such a charm for the student and the collector, he devoted himself very closely, and gathered together specimens of nearly all the species, both freshwater and marine, to be found in this neighbourhood. Eminent co-workers in the boundless fields of microscopical research were attracted by these discoveries of the Cramlington grocer. They encouraged him in his studies, exchanged specimens, and consulted him in cases of doubt and difficulty. A form which he discovered on Cresswell Sands was made into a new genus, and named after himself *Attheya*, by his friend, Mr. Tuffen West.

It was, however, in the fauna of the coal measures that Mr. Atthey was destined to win his greatest triumphs. He was one day at Newsham Colliery, near Blyth, and with his usual acuteness of observation, saw upon the pit heap a piece of shale covered with coprolitic incrustations, which he judged to be the remains of fish. He secured the specimen, sent it to a friend for analysis, and was gratified to find that his conjectures were correct. Thenceforward the shale of Newsham pit became the one absorbing object of his investigations. It proved to be an unrivalled storehouse of fossil remains. To secure specimens, he sought the co-operation of the owners, the officers, and the miners of the colliery. The officials gave directions that the shale should be deposited at a particular spot where Mr. Atthey could always depend upon finding it, and some of the men brought him now and then specimens from below, which they thought likely to gratify him. Thus, in a few years, with infinite care and patience, he unfolded the life history of fish and amphibian which the coal measures had concealed, and opened out a comparatively new world to the admiration of mankind.

In the sunset of life, Mr. Atthey removed his business from Cramlington to a house on the eastern outskirts of his native parish of Gosforth—one of a short row which faces the road leading from Gosforth Colliery to Long Benton. There, while his family looked after the shop, he pursued his palæontological studies. With increasing years his interest in them seemed to grow, rather than to diminish. Day by day, and year by year, he devoted himself to his labour of love, until he had accumulated cabinets full of specimens, and his modest dwelling had become an object of interest to great geologists, eminent anatomists, and leading men in kindred branches of scientific research. At one time he had in his "study," as he called it, as many as three thousand objects mounted for the microscope. They were all of his own

preparing, for very early in life, as has been already noted, he taught himself not only how to observe and secure, but how to preserve and exhibit. "I never saw a specimen prepared," he used to tell his visitors, "but I sent to London for one, and although it was a bad one, I saw how the thing was done, and did it." He "did it" so well that when some special mounting was required for the Museum at Kew Gardens, the authorities there could think of no man in the kingdom better qualified to undertake the work than Thomas Atthey, and he performed it to their entire satisfaction. The Linnean Society honoured him and honoured themselves by enrolling his name in the list of their associates.

Devoted to his pursuits, and proud of the collections which he had made, Mr. Atthey could seldom be persuaded to part with his treasures. He would exchange, but never cared to sell, and he went on accumulating until his little room would scarcely hold his fossil trophies. Such a policy may appear selfish, but it is sound. It is to his propensity for keeping his treasures that the North of England is indebted for their preservation. In the Natural History Museum of Newcastle, by the liberality of Lady Armstrong, the marvellous collections of this self-taught naturalist, suitably arranged and classified, find an appropriate home.

If Mr. Atthey had been as ready with pen and pencil as he was in picking the skeleton of a fish from its coally environments, the world would have known more about him. But like Dick of Thurso, Edwards of Banff, and scores of other workers in the by-paths of science, he was of a retiring disposition, and had no literary aspirations. Fortunately he was favoured with the advice of competent friends, who assisted him to make his researches and discoveries known through the medium of the Natural History Society of Newcastle. Among them were the brothers Albany and John Hancock, Dr. Embleton, Mr. J. W. Kirkby, and Mr. Richard Howse. The papers which he contributed to the transactions of that society were mostly written in conjunction with Mr. Albany Hancock, to whose pencil also is due the beautiful plates which illustrate them. After the death of Mr. Hancock, the illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. Wm. Dinning.

After a protracted illness, brought on by his self-imposed labours, Mr. Atthey died at his house, near Gosforth Colliery, on Wednesday, the 14th of April, 1880, and a few days later was buried in Gosforth Churchyard. Within view of his modest grave are monuments of departed worthies, and spike-topped vaults that hold the historic dead. Many of those who are thus honoured were good men and true, and it is well that their names should be kept in remembrance. Yet it may be questioned whether any of them were able to say, with the same confidence as Thomas Atthey said: "I have seen scarcely any life more pleasant than my own, and no pursuits so gratifying, so ennobling."

Charles Avison,

MUSICAL COMPOSER.

Down to the end of last century the history of musical composition in Newcastle centred around the names of Charles Avison and his pupil William Shield. They were the only Tyneside musicians who had written standard music—the only local composers whose work was known beyond the limits of the Northern Counties. Shield was in some sense “native, and to the manner born,” for he was the son of a singing master at Swallow. Avison could not claim a local origin, for it is said that he first saw the light in the western part of the county of Cumberland. But the days of his manhood were spent and the fame of his genius was won in Newcastle. While Shield displayed his gifts in Scarborough, in London, and other places, Avison remained in the town of his adoption, and, saving the accident of birth, was essentially a Newcastle man.

Charles Avison was born, as we learn from his tombstone, in 1710. About his parentage, boyhood, and youth history is mute. It is believed that he studied the theory and practice of music in Italy, and it is known that after his return he became a pupil of Geminiani, who had settled in England about the year 1714. Wheresoever he may have received instruction, he was, at an early age, an accomplished musician. In 1736 an organist was wanted for St. John's Church, Newcastle, and on the 12th of July in that year he was elected to the office. He was only twenty-six years of age; but his mastery over the “king of instruments” and his devotion to his art were so evident that, three months after his appointment, he was selected to succeed Thomas Powell as organist at St. Nicholas—to occupy, in fact, the leading position among the musicians in the town.

As soon as he had settled down to his duties at St. Nicholas, Mr. Avison took the lead in organising a series of subscription concerts—the first that had been given in Newcastle. They were held in the Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market, commencing soon after Michaelmas, 1736, and continuing through the winter. The following year there was a concert in the Race Week, another on the Wednesday in the Assize Week (the latter for Mr. Avison's benefit), and the subscription concerts were repeated. In 1738, he had again a benefit concert in the Assize Week, and took upon himself the sole liability of the subscription concerts. Next year the concerts were renewed with increased success. They were continued under the management of Mr. Avison until his death, and afterwards by his sons.

When thus engaged in fostering a love of music among the inhabitants of Newcastle, Mr. Avison published a series of concertos for the violin. For one of them he wrote some prefatory observations on the art of playing, but the design extended itself into a dissertation upon music and musical composition, which was too long for

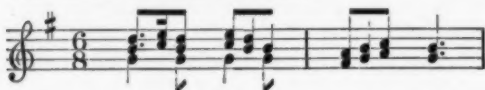
his purpose. By the advice of friends he withheld the part which related to the performance of full music, and in 1752 published the rest in a volume entitled “An Essay on Musical Expression.”

The partiality which the essay exhibited for French and Italian music provoked a reply from an anonymous writer, who was afterwards identified as Dr. Hayes, Professor of Music at Oxford. Dr. Hayes wrote with needless asperity, accusing Avison of ignorance respecting established rules of musical composition, of neglecting the old masters, of depreciating Handel, and of dependence upon abler pens for his style, and no small part of his matter. Avison answered his critic in a similar strain of sarcasm and abuse, and, in 1753, issued a second edition of the Essay, including his reply to Dr. Hayes, and “A Letter to the Author concerning the Music of the Ancients,” which it is now known was written by Dr. Jortin.

Mr. Avison's admiration for Marcello induced him to issue proposals for publishing, by subscription, selections from the fifty psalms which that eminent composer had set to music. In the Essay he describes these productions as containing “the truest idea of that noble simplicity which probably was the grand characteristic of the ancient music.” His design was to publish such specimens of Marcello's work as would illustrate “the various styles in musical expression.” For example—the grand, including the sublime, the joyous, and the learned; the beautiful, including the cheerful, the serene, and the pastoral; the pathetic, including the devout, the plaintive, and the sorrowful. The work was to contain one hundred folio plates, and the price was to be £1 5s., “to be paid on delivery of the book.” It does not appear that the public shared Mr. Avison's enthusiasm for Marcello. The psalms were published afterwards, but it was Dr. Garth, of Durham, who undertook the responsibility, and Avison assisted him.

With his own compositions he was more fortunate. The concertos, of which he issued five sets, containing 45 pieces, were favourably received, as were also two sets of sonatas to be played upon the harpsichord and two violins, a combination which was comparatively new to English musicians at that time. For some years after his death the concertos continued to be performed in Newcastle. They are described as light and elegant—the style being avowedly founded on that of Geminiani—but lacking force and originality, though there were not wanting admirers who contended that their expressive mixture of harmony and grace entitled them to rank among the best modern compositions of their class, and their author to a high position among English composers. Such, however, is the rapidity of change in musical taste that not one of them survives. All that has been handed down to us of the many compositions which Avison's genius put forth is the vigorous air known as “Miriam's Song,” or “Sound the Loud Timbrel,” which is some-

times used as a concluding voluntary, and, until recently, appeared in most books of psalmody.



Among his contemporaries Avison was held in great esteem. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1808, describes him as "an ingenious, polite, and cultivated man, who, having been in Italy, was more partial to the compositions of Geminiani and Marcello than to those of Handel," and adopted and imitated Rameau's harpsichord concertos in preference to those for the organ by "the great Saxon Timotheus who despotically reigned in England." Being "an agreeable, well-informed, and gentleman-like man of the world, he directed the musical opinions of his circle to his own taste, and, in some instances, prejudices." Dr. Brown, who became vicar of Newcastle in 1761; Dr. Jortin ecclesiastical historian; and Mason, the poet, were among his warmest friends. Giardini, who was regarded as one of the best violinists of the day, came to Newcastle and performed at one of his benefits. His old master, Geminiani, cherished a deep affection for him, which was heartily reciprocated. One of the last things which Avison did before death was to send a letter to the *Literary Register* for December, 1769, "On Viewing a Portrait of the late Celebrated Geminiani," in which, apostrophising the picture and contrasting politics and music, he wrote:—

While contending nations alarm the world abroad, and interior commotions at home, I peruse thy pacific page, and wonder where the powers of music are fled not to harmonise the passions of men; yet still the dulcet strains will live in congenial souls, to smooth the path of life which Providence has given to hours of harmony.

Geminiani, on his part, sounded the praises of his pupil. When discussing the merits of Handel, he used to say, "Charley Avison shall make a better piece of music in a month's time." In extreme old age, just before he went to Ireland to die, he came to Newcastle, paid Avison a visit at his house in Green Court, near St. Andrew's Church, and was so delighted with the performance upon the harpsichord of Avison's eldest son, Edward, then thirteen years of age, that he took him in his arms, and turning to the father, said, "My friend, I love all your productions. You are my heir; this boy will be yours; take care of him! To raise up geniuses like him is the only way to perpetuate music."

Dr. John Gregory, the well-known Scottish physician and miscellaneous writer, introduces Avison's character into his "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World." The author of the scurrilous "Will of a certain Northern Vicar" also brings in the composer's honoured name, but only to besmirch it with his wretched satire. Lastly, in our own time, Robert Browning, in "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance," uses Avison's career to illustrate

a theory that, while all other arts are fixed, and proceed by well-established rules, the ideal of music changes from age to age. The poet reprints a grand march of Avison's, which at the time was considered very fine, but is now forgotten, and blends with it some stirring lines, commencing—

Fife, trumpet, drum, sound! and singers then
Marching say, "Pym, the man of men!"
Up heads your proudest—out throats your loudest—
Somerset's Pym.

What remains to be told of Charles Avison is a mere record of deaths and burials. On the 14th of October, 1766, he lost his wife, and buried her at his parish church of St. Andrew. Four years later, in May, 1770, he was laid beside her, leaving a daughter and two sons to preserve his name. Edward, the eldest son, succeeded his father at St. Nicholas', and as manager of the Subscription Concerts. Being converted to Methodism by the preaching of John Wesley, he became, in 1772, one of the trustees of the "Orphan House" which Mr. Wesley erected outside Pilgrim Street Gate, and in 1776, at the age of 29, he died. After an interval of 13 years, during which Matthias Hawdon presided at the organ in St. Nicholas', Avison's second son Charles (who had been for a time organist at St. John's, first as his father's deputy, and afterwards on his own account) received the appointment. He held it until 1793, when he also died, and the musical genius of the family appears to have expired with him. Upon two monuments in St. Andrew's Church are recorded the deaths, ages, and other particulars, of Avison and his children. His race appears to have ended with a third Charles, his grandson, who died February 19, 1816, aged 25 years.

Sir George Baker,

RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE.

One of the "gallant defenders" of Newcastle, during the Civil War, was George, second son of Oswald Baker of the city of Durham. He was baptised on the 18th May, 1596, at the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow in that city—the church in which his father and his mother, Mary Heron, had been married four years before. In May, 1808, Oswald Baker died, and, within six months of her bereavement, his widow married again, selecting as her second spouse William Smith, councillor-at-law, one of the seneschals of the Bishop of Durham, and Clerk of the Bishop's Court of Chancery. Mr. Smith proved to be a kind and watchful stepfather. He superintended George Baker's education, directed his studies towards the lucrative profession which he himself followed, and made a good sound lawyer of him. At the proper time the young man was called to the bar, and soon afterwards made a fortunate marriage. On the 5th February, 1621-22, he was united at Lamesley Church to Elizabeth, daughter of Alderman Thomas Liddell, of Ravensworth Castle.

Mr. Baker had not been long married when Mr.

Smith retired from the Chancery clerkship in his favour, and the obliging bishop gave him the appointment. In 1631, Mr. Smith died, and Mr. Baker, with his share of his father's fortune, his wife's dowry, his stepfather's legacy, and his clerkship, was able to acquire landed estate. The vill of Crook in the parish of Lanchester, formerly belonging to the descendants of Roger Thornton, was offered to him by its owner—one of the Shaftoes—and he purchased it. Thither he removed his household, and founded the family known in local history as the Bakers of Crook Hall.

Sometime between the capture of Newcastle in 1640, and the siege of the town in 1644, Mr. Baker was elected Recorder of Newcastle. Local history is silent as to the date. But we know that on Sept. 8, 1643, he received the honorary freedom of the Corporation. He was then "Sir George Baker, Knight, Recorder of Newcastle," the title having been bestowed upon him, it is supposed, by the Earl of Newcastle, who, on the 29th June, 1642, was appointed Governor of the town.

While the town was beleaguered, Sir George was the chief adviser of the municipal authorities. At the end of the eighth week of the siege, when the Earl of Leven summoned the garrison to surrender, he was appointed, with Sir John Marley and Sir Nicholas Cole, to treat with the invaders. They did not succeed, and, as we know, the town was stormed and taken on Oct. 19.

The subsequent career of Sir George Baker is not traceable. On the 20th November, 1644—a month after the surrender—the House of Commons ordered that he and twenty-seven other leading Royalists in Newcastle should be sent up to London in custody; on the 5th December he was formally displaced from his office, and Edward Wright, of Gray's Inn, appointed to succeed him; on the 13th of the same month he was committed to Southwark Compter. We hear no more of him till the Restoration, when he and others, who had been deprived of their freedom of Newcastle, received a renewal of their privileges; nor afterwards, until 1667, when he died in obscurity at Hull, and was buried in the great church there.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Offshoots of Pilgrim Street.

WE may once more take the Church of All Hallows as our starting point on our present expedition. And first, our attention is attracted (if that be not the wrong word) to Silver Street, which runs parallel with the church and graveyard from Pilgrim Street to the Stockbridge. This street, as anybody may see for himself who looks at its houses, was once the residence of substantial citizens, and amenable to good influences. But, first, wherefore Silver Street? Well, if we may trust the title deed of an

attorney who resided there, many of the Jews who lived at the Jew Gate (another name in old writings for this same street), near the church, traded in silver plate and silver ware. Silver Street has also been called in ancient times All-Hallowgate and Templegate, by reason of its communicating with the parish church.

The most notable name associated with Silver Street is that of Henry Bourne, appointed curate of All Saints in 1722, and one of the historians of Newcastle. In this street it was that he had his residence, and wrote his well-known book. He was a native of Newcastle, and a tailor's son. After only an ordinary education, he was bound apprentice to a glazier in the Side, in which humble situation he manifested a marvellous aptitude in acquiring knowledge. Some friends, noticing his aptitude, obtained his release from his indentures, and he was again sent to school, and thence to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as sizar in 1719 or 1720. In due time he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees, and returned to Newcastle, where he wrote "*Antiquitates Vulgares*," which became very scarce and sold at a high price. It was accordingly re-published, with additions. In 1727 he wrote a "*Treatise on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels*," which induced the parishioners in the following year to found a lecture for instruction in the rubrics and liturgy, which foundation was most appropriately settled upon him. His great work, however, was his "*History of Newcastle*," published in 1736—three years after his death—by subscription, for the benefit of his young children, Henry and Eleanor.

Other families of repute lived in Silver Street in former days, amongst them the Claphams. This family gave to Newcastle a few years ago a sheriff, Henry Clapham, whose unexpected death in his year of office, and when engaged in maturing that most admirable institution, the Clapham Home, was the subject of much marked regret and general sympathy.

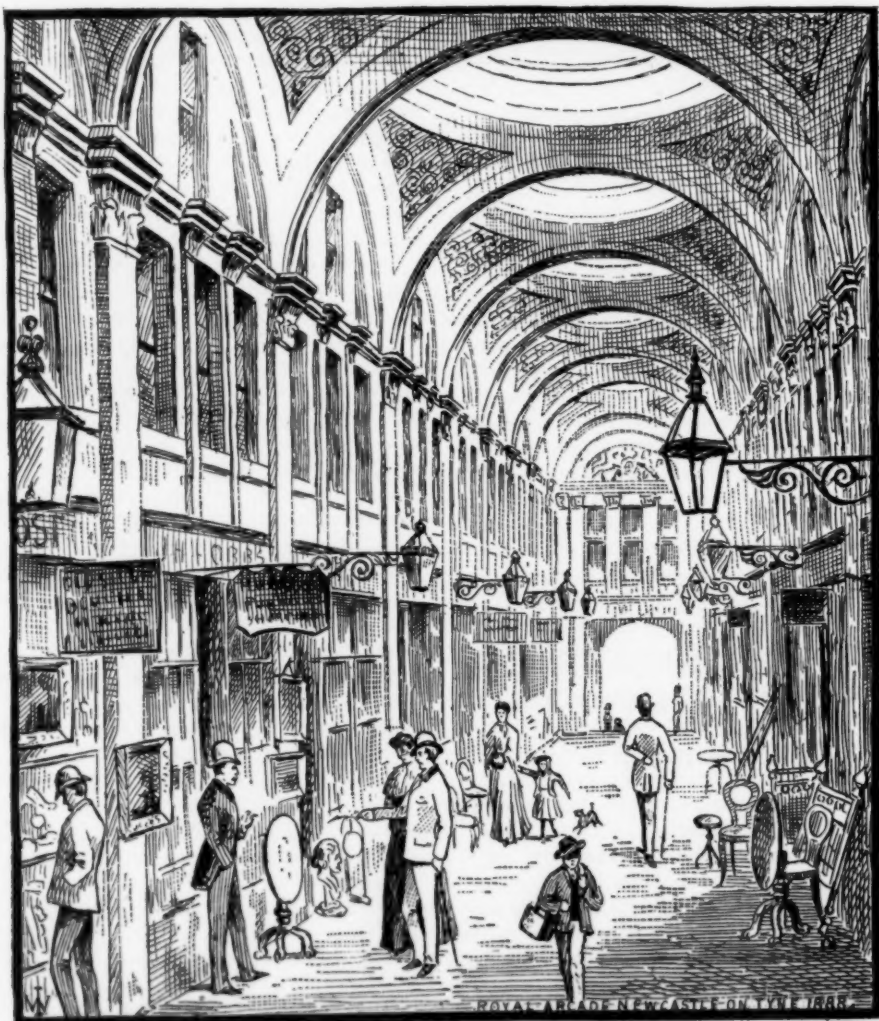
If we remember rightly, a very different character once dignified Silver Street with his presence—"Jack the Beadle." Some thirty years or so ago Newcastle in general, and All Saints in particular, were horrified at the discovery that the graves in the churchyard had been systematically violated for the sake of the lead of the coffins. The thief turned out to be the parish beadle. Of course he was apprehended. Intense was the feeling against him. Had the populace got hold of him, they would have rent him almost limb from limb. In due time he was tried in the Guildhall, before Mr. Justice Keating, for his ghoulish work, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The street lads of the period kept the matter before the public mind for some time in their own way, by the following doggerel, suggested by a comic song then popular:—

If you want to rob the deed,
Gan to Jack the Beadle;
He's the man that stole the leed,
Pop goes the weasel.

It may be news to some that there was also at one time a place of worship in Silver Street. The members of St. James's Chapel (Scotch Presbyterian then) had their meeting-house here. Its trustees had deeds of conveyance from the time of Edward VI. The building was at first a malting-house, but was converted into a chapel in 1744. In 1825, the trustees resolved to build a new chapel on the south side of Blackett Street, towards the east, which was accordingly done. Curious are the metamorphoses of time. The Silver Street St. James's was at first a malting-house; the Blackett Street St. James's is now a restaurant. Whilst the Rev. James Shields was minister of the Silver Street Chapel (1765-1785), a Mr. George Fife, one of the members of the congregation,

gave £10, the interest of which was to be paid for ever to the minister for the time being. The donor left the chapel in 1779, and accordingly offered to present the £10 to Mr. Shields, who declined it on the ground that it would be an act of dishonesty both to the congregation and to the succeeding ministers. "No account of this gift can now be obtained," says Mackenzie quietly. When the St. James's congregation migrated from Silver Street, the Primitive Methodists purchased the premises for £305. This congregation has also left Silver Street, which can only now call the Church of England Mission Room its own, as devoted to the cause of social and moral reform.

Higher up on the opposite side of Pilgrim Street is the



Painter Heugh, leading down to Dean Street, and containing some houses which must have been of no mean reputation in their day. It is now given up to small hucksters, and the houses are let in tenements to a very humble class. The peculiar name of this bank is accounted for by Bourne thus: "Painter" is a rope by which boats are moored, and "Hugh" is a steep hill or bank; and of course his theory is that boats were fastened by painters to this hill, when the tide flowed up the Dean (or Dene) to the Low Bridge, before the river was embanked by the Quay. A little higher up again, on the same side, is the Low Bridge, which also leads into Dean Street; and a continuation on the other side of this street leads into St. Nicholas' Churchyard. The thoroughfare derives its name from the fact that a bridge (once called the Nether Dene Bridge) formerly at this point crossed the Lort or Lork Burn. The structure, which was pulled down in 1738, had a high and ancient arch, by some supposed to be of Roman architecture. Brand, however, says in a note: "There was preserved in the town's hutch, among other writings preserved there, A.D. 1565, a grant by one King Richard for the building of Nether Dene Bridge." Bourne adds that "formerly the river ebbed and flowed above this bridge, and the boats came under it with the wares and commodities of the merchants." Like the Painter Heugh, the Low Bridge is now given up to small shopkeepers and humble tenants.

On the opposite side of Pilgrim Street (further north), is the Arcade, a modern structure, which at the time of its opening was pronounced to be one of the most elegant of its sort in the kingdom. Its foundation was laid in June, 1831. Mr. Grainger had already taken in hand Eldon Square and the Leazes Terrace. He meant the Arcade to be of a more public character, and planned it with that object in view. It cost £40,000. The late Mr. John Dobson was the architect. Here the General Post Office was located, and the traffic was very considerable. Now it is given up to old curiosity shops, furniture brokers, and the like. The Savings Bank in the Arcade was the scene of a tragedy on December 7, 1838, when Archibald Bolam killed Joseph Millie. On the 4th of March in the following year the manslayer was transported for life.

Bell's Court, higher up on the same side, is a convenient thoroughfare to Carlil Square, or Croft, to use the old word. Not much else about it is noteworthy, but it may be interesting to some to know that here the last of the sedan chairs (so popular with our grandmothers) were to be hired. Wellington Place is a little higher up. It is now given up to business premises. Here at one time lived Mr. Bainbridge, whose daughter Sir John Fife married. The place was built by Joseph Bainbridge for his own occupation. In 1839, it was utilised for teaching the blind, thus becoming the nucleus of the present Blind Asylum.

We come now to the High Bridge, which is on our left

hand side in walking up Pilgrim Street. It was also called the Upper Dean Bridge. This thoroughfare was of greater importance in our forefathers' time than it is to-day; but, as it runs from Pilgrim Street to the Bigg Market, bisecting Grey Street in so doing, it is still found a convenient short cut by business men. Between Pilgrim and Grey Streets the High Bridge is occupied by bootmakers and cheese merchants, French polishers shaving saloons, and similar establishments; there is also a co-operative printing business established here. The Cordwainers' Company had their hall in the High Bridge. This company had a sturdy sense of independence. Its members placed in their hall a large board to inform all time to come that "oppression's iron hand ought ever to be legally resisted." This was done in 1773, when at the assizes an important dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses respecting the Town Moor and Leazes was compromised. The victory—for so the arrangement was regarded—was with the popular cause; and great were the rejoicings in consequence. Houses were illuminated; and the legal champion of the burgesses, Serjeant Glynn, was conveyed to his lodgings in the Forth in great triumph.

Nearly opposite the High Bridge is Worswick Street, named after a popular Catholic priest, the Rev. James Worswick. St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Chapel, situated below the new Police Courts, is the present representative of another place of worship which formerly stood in the same neighbourhood. Of this we give a small engraving, for which we have to thank Mr. R. J. McKenzie. The premises for the latter structure



Catholic Chapel, Carlil Sq. 1893

were bought by Mr. Worswick, in 1797, from Mr. Richard Keenlyside, surgeon, whose property and residence they were. The building was opened for divine service in February, 1798. Solemn high mass was celebrated, for the first time in Newcastle, it was understood, since the Reformation. In the choir were the Rev. John Yates, of Eah, subsequently Vicar-General; the Rev. John Bell, author of the "Wanderings of the Human Intellect" (Newcastle, 1814); the Rev.

Basil Barrett, author of the "Life of Cardinal Ximenes" (Newcastle, 1813); and many others. All of them had been at one time prisoners in France. Some French emigrant clergymen also assisted in the service. The major portion of the expenses in connection with the building of this chapel was generously borne by Father Worswick. Amongst the other subscribers were Sir John Lawson, Bart., Yorkshire (£80); John Silvertop, Minsteracres (£80); Thomas Riddell, Swinburne Castle (£100); John Errington, Beaufront (£50); and Bishop Gibson (£100). Some able men have officiated in Worswick Street Chapel, notably the late Father Aylward, regarded as a scholar of wide reading and cultured taste; Father Rodolph Suffield, now a Unitarian preacher in the South of England; and Father Williams, now holding high office in the South also.

The only other offshoot of Pilgrim Street calling for a word is Hood Street. Its principal building, the Central Hall, once Salem Chapel, associated with the name of Joseph Barker, is the head-quarters of the Temperance Reformers, among whom the present Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) is a leading and genial light. Above it, nearer the Pilgrim Street end, Sir John Fife had his house at one time. Subsequently, the late Dr. Newton (a man of mark in his day) resided in the same locality.

Hazlitt the Highwayman.



ATESHEAD FELL, as the name implies, was once a wild common, over a portion of which lay the road between Durham and Newcastle. The loneliness of the bleak moorland was quite enough to invest it with terror to travellers a hundred years ago, and occasionally there were incidents that served greatly to enhance the evil repute of the locality. One of these incidents occurred in 1770, when a highwayman named Hazlitt perpetrated the crime for which he suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The man's real name was Hudson. According to his own account, he had been a clerk in the employment of Mr. Samuel Bamford, Philip Lane, London; but, having lost his situation, he bethought himself that he might better his fortunes by a visit to the North, whither he betook himself by sea towards the end of July in the above-named year. Arriving at Shields, he would appear to have cast about him for some mode of replenishing his exchequer, but without much success. At the expiration of about a week, matters growing desperate with him, he invested his remaining cash in the hire of a horse. We conclude that he paid in advance, for the Shields job-masters must have altered exceedingly if any one of the faculty was ever so accommodating and considerate as to lend an animal on speculation to a gentleman so much out-at-elbows as Hazlitt was. Possibly he left his boots

and greatcoat as a deposit, for he was minus these articles of apparel when he arrived on Gateshead Fell. But the borrowed beast, according to one authority, was such a sorry jade that even the coat and boots of a man in great impecuniosity might be considered *quid pro quo*. Another account, however, is preserved in the MS. autobiography of the late Mr. Doubleday, who says that his father purchased the horse, and that it was not only a very powerful and spirited animal, such as it behoved a highway robber to have, but had, moreover, been taught sundry curious tricks likely to serve its master at a pinch. This version assumes or implies that Hazlitt was a professional robber, and there is little to show to the contrary, except the excitement he laboured under when actually making his felonious demands, as will presently appear.

A well-to-do lady, name unknown, had been to Durham in a postchaise on private business, and was returning to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, in the dusk of the summer night, when her progress was suddenly interrupted. On looking out of the window, she discovered, to her horror, that a real flesh and blood highwayman was menacing the postilion with a pistol. This menace taking due effect, the robber opened the door of the chaise, presented the weapon at the lady's head, and demanded her purse, watch, and whatever other portable property she had about her. The robber was trembling from head to foot, and this circumstance no doubt greatly abated the good lady's alarm. At any rate she found her tongue, and made good use of it. She explained to him that she had no such matter as a watch in her possession, and that, having been to Durham on affairs which required her to spend rather than to receive money, it so happened that she had no surplus, save half a guinea and some halfpence. The robber grimly secured the gold and gallantly returned the coppers. He was slightly incredulous about the watch, but at last agreed to take her assurance on the subject, and so left her.

The robbed lady proceeded on her homeward journey, not much the worse for the attack, but with all the caution of her sex in full play. After going some distance, she met the mail-bag carrier. It was not until a somewhat later period that mails were carried by coach, and in this instance the postman was on horseback. The lady stopped the mail agent to apprise him of the peril awaiting him, and urged him either to turn back or to provide himself with some means of protection. Turn back he would not; but, in deference to the lady's admonition, he inquired at the toll-house for a pistol. Not getting what he wanted, he boldly made up his mind to go forward at all risks. Presently he came up with a man on horseback, whom, from his appearance, he took for a rustic making homewards after the labours of the field. To this simple peasant he opened his troubled mind so far as to tell of the dreadful highwayman lurking about, and to confess his regret that he was unarmed. The wayfarers

beguiled the night watch with desultory talk through the space of a couple of miles or so, when the weary peasant suddenly, but with gentle voice, intimated to his fellow-traveller that he must have the bags. The postman thought it an excellent joke; but when his friend produced a pistol, and commanded him to dismount and throw the mail down on the road, he felt that he had been labouring under some mistake. He did as he was told, not daring to look behind him, for this had been strictly forbidden on pain of immediate death. With his bulky spoil the shivering thief retired to a lonely spot, and there examined the bills, letters, &c., selecting such as he thought convertible into money. An hour or two later he made a third experiment—this time on a post-chaise belonging to Mr. Nelson, of Newcastle, but found it empty and the postilion not worth plundering. Then he must have gone on to Newcastle instead of returning to Shields, for on the following day he was arrested in the former town, and in his possession were found many of the more valuable contents of the mail.

The Durham Assizes occurring within a week, no time was lost in bringing Hudson, *alias* Hazlitt, to trial. On being arraigned before Baron Perrott for the highway robbery of the lady in the chaise, he pleaded guilty; but at the instance of the judge he withdrew that plea, and put himself upon his country by the plea of not guilty. He was, however, convicted after the evidence had been fully given. He was next arraigned for robbing the mail. To this he boldly pleaded not guilty; but, after two hours' trial, the outrage was clearly brought home to him, and, according to the barbarous usage of the time, he was condemned to death. His own version of the affair, given on his examination before the magistrates, was that it was a confederate, named Hewitt, who had perpetrated the mail robbery, and that they had shared the plunder between them. But in the interval before the trial Sir John Fielding had been communicated with, and that zealous magistrate had discovered that Hewitt was in London at the time the offence was committed. The judge, on passing sentence, expressed his belief that the prisoner was the man who had, two months before, robbed his lordship himself while travelling in the neighbourhood of London. Hazlitt was left for execution, but sentence was stayed until the judge had left the circuit. After his condemnation, he sent to Baron Perrott a £20 bank note, together with a bill at sight for £12 or £14. These had been skilfully concealed about his person, and their surrender completed the recovery of the valuables stolen from the mail, so that all were satisfied he could have had no accomplice. He also informed the judge that the other contents of the mail, together with the bags, were in a certain cornfield, where, accordingly, they were searched for and found. After this disclosure and penitential restitution, the unhappy man appeared to become more resigned to his fate. The day for his execution was fixed for Tuesday, the 18th of September, and

on the morning of that day he was hanged near Durham. After hanging the usual time, his body was taken down from the gallows and conveyed to Gateshead Fell, where a gibbet had been erected close to the scene of his crimes. It was there hung in chains. Several robberies with violence are recorded to have occurred in the immediate neighbourhood of the gibbet while yet the body was in the early stages of its sickening decay. The evil deed and worse fate of the wretched robber were long commemorated in the name of Hazlitt's Well.

Body-Snatchers.

HALF a century and more ago, people were being every now and then horrified by tales of bodies of the newly-buried dead having been stolen at night out of their graves—stolen by vile miscreants, whose object it was to make money by selling them to the doctors for anatomical purposes, and who were commonly known as Resurrectionists or Body-Snatchers. These fellows usually travelled about, it was said, in gigs, so that, in country places, every stranger using that mode of conveyance was looked upon with suspicion. It was not a new thing, indeed, but new to that generation. For, during the long French war, professors, schools, and students of anatomy had as plentiful a supply of subjects as they could well desire from the bloody continental battlefields. But, after the general peace, this supply was, of course, cut off, and they had to resort to body-snatching in default of legitimate purchase, the number of bodies obtainable by fair means being quite insufficient for the wants of science, and the strong prejudices of the time preventing the friends of deceased persons from even suffering *post-mortem* examinations to be made.

Parties of young students, therefore, were alleged to go forth to suburban graveyards on nocturnal expeditions, furnished with shovels, ropes, sacks, &c., having hired a gig, and probably preconcerted arrangements with the gravedigger. Lecturers on anatomy employed mercenary agents, who undertook to procure what they wanted at a certain price. Loose characters took up the trade on adventure, and carried such bodies as they were able to snatch to the nearest medical college, by which they often realised handsome sums. Neither, if all tales were true, did they confine their robberies to the dead, for they were sorely belied if they did not occasionally seize and carry off the living as well. Common report said they used to supply themselves with pitch plasters, which they would clap on the mouths of such unfortunate wretches as encountered them in lonely places, and either were taken

unawares or could not defend themselves. There was at last scarcely a gravedigger in the kingdom who was not more or less generally suspected of being an accomplice with the violators of the tomb, if not himself an actual body-snatcher. And to the common terrors of death, which are to the majority of mankind great enough, was added the terrible dread of being dragged at midnight out of one's coffin, thrust into a sack, thrown into the bottom of a gig, and sold to the doctors.

Never, perhaps, was the public mind more violently excited than it was from this cause. Every suspicious-looking person observed near a churchyard was at once set down for a resurrectionist. In most parishes meetings were held to devise measures to stop outrages. The male parishioners, armed with guns, took watch by turns. Watch-houses were built for their accommodation. The walls of the cemeteries, like those of flower gardens and orchards, were raised to keep out robbers, and fenced at the top with broken glass, iron spikes, or sharp palisading. A heavy iron frame, box, or safe, made for the purpose, was laid on each grave, immediately after interment, so as to ensure the dead lying there undisturbed. But even this precaution was believed to be insufficient, as the rascals devised instruments wherewith they could still reach the coffin, lay hold of the corpse, and drag it out. And then, to prevent the robbery from being found out, they spread sheets on the ground, and laid the earth and sods upon them till they had effected their purpose, after which they re-made the grave with more or less neatness.

A case of this kind which occurred in Sunderland made a great sensation at the time. On Monday, the 29th of December, 1823, Captain Hedley, of Burleigh Street, whose daughter, aged ten years, had been buried on Christmas Eve, wishing to remove her body to another part of the churchyard, found the coffin empty. Further examination being made, it was discovered that the body of an infant, two years old, which had been buried at the same time, near the same spot, had also been removed. Suspicion immediately attached to two strangers, whose frequent visits to the churchyard, particularly at funeral times, had been observed; and one of them was apprehended that afternoon. It was with difficulty he was got through the streets to the police court room, for the mob which gathered, eager to take the law into its own hands, would have stoned him to death; and it was not till he was threatened with being handed over to the infuriated populace for summary punishment that he would acknowledge where he lodged. On his at length doing so, the constables proceeded thither, and secured his accomplice too. Hedley's daughter's corpse was found in a corner of the room, covered with straw, but carefully packed up, and addressed to Mr. James Jamieson, Leith Street, Edinburgh. On another part of the package the address was Mr. Alex. Anderson, Leith Street, Edinburgh. A number of human teeth, and

some memoranda of the men's daily expenditure, were also found in the room. It appeared from these that they had been about a month in Sunderland, and had during that time paid for six boxes, several mats, and a quantity of oakum and twine; and as the body of Mrs. Corner, aged forty-two, was the only one missing from the churchyard, in addition to the two already mentioned, it was presumed that their nightly visitations had not been confined to Sunderland, but had been extended into the country round, particularly as one considerable item of their expenditure was cartage. On the Tuesday morning they were brought before the magistrates, and committed to Durham Gaol. One of them represented himself to be Thomas Thompson, of Dundee, and the other John Weatherley, of Renfrew—both names, there was reason to believe, fictitious. Tried at the Durham Sessions in the ensuing week, they were sentenced to three months imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of sixpence each. The lenity of this punishment caused much surprise, and simply increased the popular alarm.

Sunderland Churchyard was suitable hunting ground for the body-snatchers, because it was not overlooked by any dwelling-houses, and was close to the Town Moor. Besides, it was more than whispered that one of the parish officials was an active co-agent in such affairs. Further, one of the bellringers, a pipemaker to trade, but who kept a public-house, had the reputation of being a regular body-snatcher. Under such circumstances the plan began to be generally adopted of interring the dead in coffins secured by iron bars. It was likewise very common to fill up the grave with straw, weighted down with a long heavy plank, secured by strong wooden stakes. As additional security, the friends of buried persons used to watch all night with lanterns, both in Sunderland Churchyard and the Gill Cemetery, where they might have been seen from the road making their melancholy and weary round.

One Sunderland resurrectionist was caught in his own trap. He had got a body, said to be that of a young woman, put it into a sack, fastened a rope round the middle, and carried it to the churchyard wall, in order to drop it over. The wall was only about three feet high on the inside, but fully twice as high on the Moor side. So when the man had lifted the body on to the cope-stone, and was getting over the wall himself, the rope somehow slipped over his head, and he fell and hung suspended on the side towards the Moor, while his sack, unfortunately for him, fell back towards the churchyard. He was found thus by one of the watchers going his rounds. The body-snatcher was still alive when he was cut down, but soon afterwards died. His memory still survives among old Sunderland folks as "Half-Hanged Jack."

Mr. James Thomson has told in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a story he heard from the son of an old sexton at the Border village of Cornhill. One morning early in

December, about 1830, Jamie Marchall, the sexton in question, was roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the cottage door, and a voice that he seemed to recognise called out "Get up, Jamie! For God's sake, be quick, man!" When the blacksmith opened the door he saw the son of a well-known farmer lately deceased. The young man was at the time studying medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Before he uttered a word, Marchall noticed that his arm was through the bridle-rein of a horse, from whose side the steam rose in clouds, whilst the young man's face was haggard and pale. The sexton's impression was that the young man had lost his reason; and the visitor's first word seemed to convey this idea, for he called out, "Get your spade and mattock, and come with me to the churchyard quickly." The blacksmith took his tools in silence, and followed, not daring to remonstrate. On the way, the young man exclaimed, "I'll be satisfied soon whether it is him or not. Think, Jamie, of having your ain father laid out on the dissecting board for you to cut up. I had the knife in my hand when I saw it was my father. But I'll be satisfied before I sleep. I left the hall, and have ridden here, Jamie, to satisfy myself." When his father's grave was reached, he took a spade, and helped the bewildered sexton to open it. The coffin having been reached, he called, "Break the lid with your mattock, and put in your hand." Marchall did as he was ordered, and put his hand inside. "Is he there, Jamie?" was the anxious inquiry. "Aye, aye, he's a' right. Naeboddy's fashed him, Robert; ye ha'e been mista'en," was the sexton's reassuring reply.

In the month of February, 1824, two resurrection men were apprehended in Manchester, with no fewer than six bodies, recently disinterred, in their possession. The prisoners, who were men of a tolerably respectable appearance and good address, were sentenced at the ensuing Quarter Sessions to a short term of imprisonment. The packages which contained the bodies were directed to different persons in London.

Many still recollect how dreadful a sensation was caused all over the kingdom by the foul atrocities of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, and by a wretch named Bishop in London. We mention them here solely in connection with our topic. But Burke, it was said, worked some time at Sunderland as a labourer while the piers were building. Hare, it was understood, made his way to Newcastle, where his identity was lost through his changing his name. A foolish surmise at the time of the Burnopfield murder revived sundry old myths about him, which died away when their baselessness was demonstrated.

Helen Macdougall, Burke's paramour and accomplice, had two almost equally infamous forerunners in Edinburgh. In the year 1751, Helen Torrence, residenter, and Jean Waldie, wife of a stabler's servant, were tried at the instance of the King's Advocate for

stealing and murdering John Dallas, a boy of about eight or nine years of age, son of John Dallas, chairman. One of them decoyed Dallas's wife into a neighbouring house to drink, while the second conspirator stole away the boy, who was ill, and murdered him by suffocation. The women received from some surgeon-apprentices two shillings and tenpence for their trouble. Found guilty and sentenced to death, they were hanged in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, on the 18th of March, 1752, "both acknowledging their sins, and mentioning uncleanness and drunkenness in particular."

Twenty-four years after this, so necessary was the trade of body-snatching considered for the purpose of science, that it was carried out in London without the smallest attempt at concealment. The *Gentleman's Magazine* in March, 1776, says:—"The remains of more than twenty dead bodies were discovered in a shed in Tottenham Court Road, supposed to have been deposited there by teachers to the surgeons, of whom there is one, it is said, in the Borough, who makes an open profession of dealing in dead bodies, and is well-known by the name of 'The Resurrectionist.'"

Mr. John Gusthart, writing to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in January, 1888, describes some of the means that were formerly adopted to protect the dead. We make the following extracts from his communication:—

There are few persons living who can relate personal experience of the excitement caused by the discovery of the Burke and Hare tragedies; but many there are who can recall the fireside stories of a grandmother about living victims being seized for the dissecting-room, or of churchyard burglars who pilfered the "narrow house" and dragged its tenant from the last resting-place to be sold to the faculty for gold.

Who can think of this without horror? One, indeed, may be disposed to ask, "Did such men live?" Truly, they lived and acted, and the police force of the time was unable to cope with them. The only means of defence against such deeds lay with the people themselves, who organized "Watch Clubs," the conditions of membership being a pledge to do duty by watching in any churchyard where a member was buried, for one or more nights, as necessity required. I know that these organizations were not defunct forty-four years ago, for I was then appointed substitute for a member to watch, in Cornhill Churchyard, the bodies of two men, named Logan and Tindal, who were accidentally killed near Pallinsburn, on their return from Wooler fair.

So far as I remember, the watch-house, provided for concealment and shelter, was without comforts, except a fire-grate and coals. Two men were considered a staff, and each was provided with a blunderbuss, powder, and shot, kettle and frying-pan being common to both. My companion, Johnson by name, was much my senior, and, of course, my leader. We were instructed to visit the grave with a dark lantern at intervals during the night, and I can say we did our duty—as two lovers at the trysting-place, punctual to the moment sworn. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the churchyard that night but the howling winds, upon which a blunderbuss has no effect; consequently our weapons were never used.

Tradition has furnished me with some strange facts in my own family history of these sad times, and on a recent visit to Lowick I had ocular demonstration of the truth of what I had been told in my childhood. My first duty on New Year's Day, 1888, was to pay the last tribute of respect to a dear uncle, and on my way to the chamber of death I had to pass the churchyard, where I felt sure the grave would be ready to

receive him. Knowing that my ancestors for many generations slept there, I resolved to take notes of their respective ages and dates of death from the tombstones before the *cortège* arrived. I was surprised to find two men at work preparing the grave. On looking into the grave I perceived the sextons were guarding against a fall. Some soil had then fallen, and had laid bare about ten inches of an iron bar some three inches wide, which the sexton was striking with his spade, trying to disconnect it from a wooden spile which interfered with his progress. The spile was crumbling to dust, but the iron hoop on the top showed that it had been about three-and-a-half inches in diameter. Now the whole affair would have been a puzzle to me if I had never heard my grandmother's stories about Burke and Hare. To defeat the intentions of midnight prowlers my father had laid iron bars around the top and along the sides of the coffin to prevent it being broken and the body drawn out. Besides, spiles were driven into the ground to the level of the coffin lid, and an iron bar laid over all was made fast to the spiles to prevent the coffin from being lifted entire. We must not doubt the necessity for these precautions. The sensible men of the time would certainly be the best judges, and such things go far to prove that the bonds of family affection were strong, even in death.

Pigg's Folly.

THE hamlet of the Three Mile Bridge, situated on the Morpeth road, is so called because of its supposed distance from Newcastle. Associated with this village is the memory of "Pigg's Folly."

One John Pigg was town's surveyor for Newcastle, and road surveyor for the county of Northumberland. It was said he was well known to both Charles II. and the Duke of York; and his eccentricities gave him a more than ordinary notoriety among the folks of Newcastle. The writer of the "Life of Ambrose Barnes" has the following concerning him:—"He usually wore a high-crowned hat, a strait coat, and would never ride, but walk't the pace of any horse, hundreds of miles on oot, with a quarter-staff fenced with an iron fork at one end. He would not only go to prison when he needed not, but conceitedly chused the vilest part of the prison for his apartment, where he continued a long while when he might have had his liberty whenever he pleased. But as much of Heaven's favourite as this visionary fancy'd himself, everybody knew him to be cursedly covetous, and the end he made answered the disgrace he had thrown upon sufferings for religion, this Pig dying in his sty in circumstances not unlike those who lay hands on themselves, or die crazy and distracted."

Alderman Hornby, also, Mr. Welford tells us in his "History of Gosforth," girded at John Pigg, Hornby adding that "his name and peculiarities were the theme of conversation so late as the middle of last century." Mackenzie, however, says that "being a Puritan was sufficient to entitle him to the scoffs of the profane and the hatred of bigots of a different class."

It appears that Pigg was in the habit of walking every

morning from his house in Newcastle to Three Mile Bridge, where he raised a column as a token of gratitude for the health and pleasure that he derived from his daily promenade. This column he inscribed with moral lessons for the benefit of all who travelled along the road. It was a square stone pillar, twelve and a half feet high, and stood within the hamlet, "between the forge and the joiner's shop." The pillar bore three sun-dials, and, in addition to being covered with scraps of holy writ, had this inscription at the foot in praise of wisdom:—

Who would not love thee while they may
Enjoy thee walking? For thy way
Is pleasure and delight; let such
As see thee choose thee, prize thee much.

At that time, says Mr. Welford, the turnpike road, after crossing the Ouseburn, turned abruptly to the left, passed through the hamlet, came out again near a sand-bank, crossed over to the grounds of Low Gosforth, and ran inside the present plantations to the north-west end of High Gosforth. "Pigg's Folly" was a notable object, therefore, in a crooked corner, and attracted much attention until the year 1829, when the road was straightened, and the stone was broken up and used for making the wall of the adjoining garden.

John Pigg seems to have been regarded by his neighbours as a fool; but his charity should outweigh his eccentricity. He left a will, dated October 27, 1688, by which document he bequeathed "three dwelling-houses and appurtenances, situate in Pilgrim Street, nearly opposite Major Anderson's gates, with his estates in Northumberland and Durham, to certain merchants, in trust for charitable purposes." The poor people who were to benefit by the legacy were, in the terms of his will, to be "only such as fear God, and are of the Protestant religion, and have not cast themselves into poverty by their idleness, nor reduced themselves to beggary by their own riotous prodigality; but are by age, sickness, or decrepitude disabled from work, or where men have children too numerous for their work to maintain; for I have always observed if men will not be idle they need not want." A Parochial Return of Charitable Donations made to Parliament in 1787-8 reported that John Pigg "left the produce of his real and personal estates (except £5 per annum to the minister of Earsdon, and £5 to the overseers of the highways of the County of Northumberland, and such sum or sums of money to his niece, Ann Rea, as his trustees should think proper) to such poor in the Counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle, upon-Tyne, and in such proportions, as the trustees of his will should think fit. By a decree of Chancery, part of his lands in Earsdon, and one-third of his personal estate, were awarded to Ann Rea, and the remainder to the uses of his will." The proceeds have been devoted for many years past to the assistance of the funds of the Newcastle Infirmary. According to the Abstract of Accounts of the Infirmary, for the year beginning January and ending

December 31st, 1886, John Pigg's property produced in the period included between the two dates no less a sum than £449 17s.

Hulne Priory.



ULNE PRIORY, near Alnwick, if we might believe tradition, had a romantic origin. "Among the British Barons," says Grose, "who went to the Holy Wars in the reign of Henry III. were William de Vescy, Lord of Alnwick, and Richard Gray, two eminent chieftains in the Christian army. Led by curiosity or devotion, they went to visit the Friars of Mount Carmel, and there unexpectedly found a countryman of their own, one Ralph Fresborn, a Northumberland man, who had distinguished himself in a former crusade, and, in consequence of a vow, had afterwards taken upon him the monastic profession in that solitude. When Vescy and Gray returned to England, they strongly importuned the superior of the Carmelites to let their countryman accompany them; which was at length granted upon condition that they would found a monastery for Carmelites in their own country. Soon after their return, Fresborn, mindful of their engagement, began to look out for a place for their convent. After examining all the circumjacent solitudes, he at length fixed on the present spot, induced, it is said, by the great resemblance which the adjoining hill bore to Mount Carmel; and, indeed, whoever looks into Maundrel's travels will find that the draught of that mountain bears a strange likeness to this before us."

This legend is too attractive to be altogether discarded. Though historically discrepant, it may have some foundation in fact, and that part of it which relates to Fresborn may be substantially true. But William de Vescy, the Lord of Alnwick, does not appear in any crusade. One crusade there was in his time, led by Frederick II. of Germany, about 1238, but Englishmen do not seem to have joined it. A William de Vescy, who took part in the defence of Northumberland against the inroad of William the Lion, and who, probably, was an illegitimate son of the first William de Vescy, accompanied Richard I. in the crusade of 1191; and John de Vescy was a distinguished crusader under Prince Edward in 1270. Neither of these dates, however, corresponds with the time when the priory was founded.

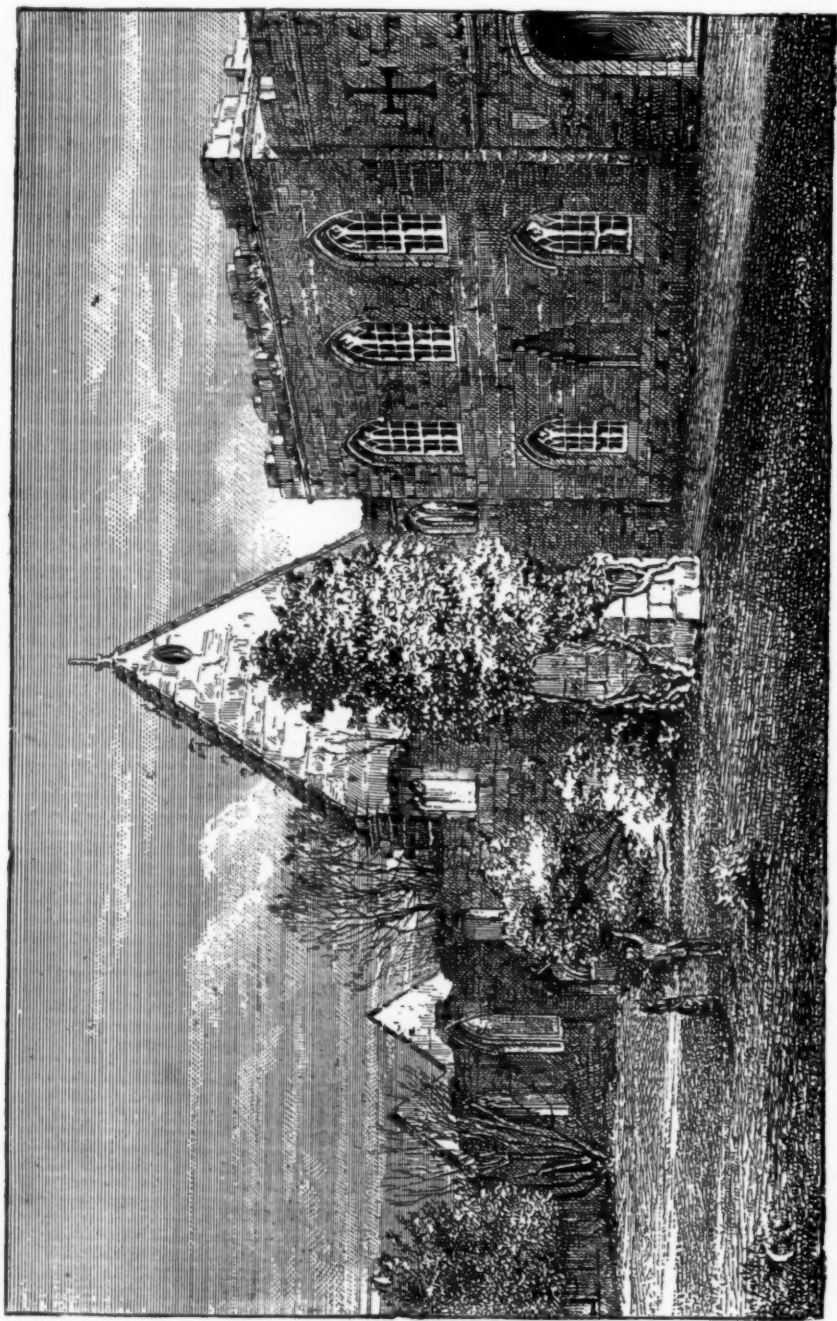
Fuller tells a different and Mr. George Tate, the historian of Alnwick, thinks a truer story. Ralph Fresborn, he says, who was born in Northumberland, where he possessed a large estate, and who had been bred a soldier and scholar, accompanied Richard, the Earl of Cornwall, to the Holy Land, and there became acquainted with the friars living on Mount Carmel. Pitying their condition, and impressed with their piety

and morals, he brought them over with him into England, and built them a house at Hulne, in a place not unlike Mount Carmel in Syria; for Carmel had a hill with the river Kishon running under it, and a forest beside it.

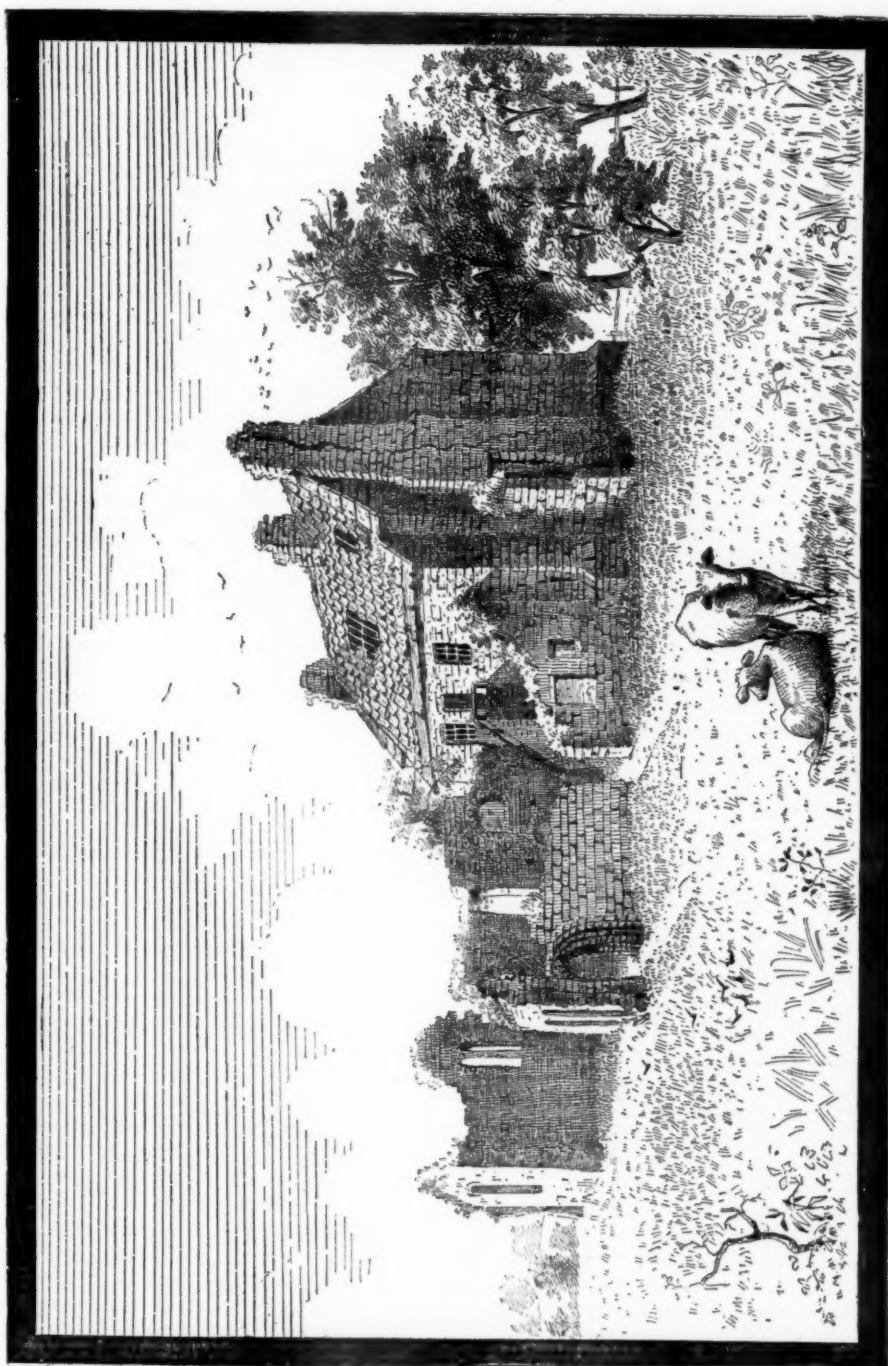
The brethren, who for more than three centuries dwelt in their secluded home at Hulne, belonged to the order of Carmelite Friars, who derived their name from Mount Carmel, in Palestine, where they were first established in 1122, by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, but from whence they were driven about 1238 by the Saracens. They were also called White Friars from the colour of their vestments, consisting of a white cloak and hood, beneath which was a coat with a scapulary; but persecution for a while obliged them to wear parti-coloured garments, till, after the lapse of half a century, they resumed their original colour. Their rules and discipline were rigorous; they chose wild solitudes for their homes; each friar had a coffin in his cell, and he slept on straw, rising in winter at five and in summer at six o'clock, and every morning he dug a shovelful of earth for his grave; on his knees he crept to his devotions; he maintained long silence, kept himself much in his cell, continued long at his prayers, ate but twice a day, never tasted animal food, and endured frequent fasts. Innocent IV. so far relaxed these rules as to permit the friars to taste flesh meat. The order was never numerous; only forty houses belonged to it in England and Wales.

Little indeed do we know of the old history of the priory beyond its endowments. The lordly abbots of Alnwick adjoining oppressed their humble neighbour by appropriating the wax and oblations which rightly belonged to Hulne; but this grievance was remedied by a deed made by the abbot in 1355. Ralph Fresborn was the first prior of Hulne; and he rose to be provincial of the Carmelite order, a dignity enjoyed by him during fourteen years. While at Hulne, he wrote learned epistles, pious exhortations, and other books relating to the worship of God. He died in 1254, and was buried within the priory. Some time after, Ralph Alcman, who was the principal ruler of all the Carmelites, and a man distinguished for his learning and purity of manners, lived for four years in the solitudes of Hulne, and wrote there some of his works; he died in 1277. Robert de Populton, who was prior in 1364, seems to have had literary tastes, for he gave several books to the library of the convent. He died at Warkworth Castle in 1368, and was buried in the priory. Another Northumbrian, Robert Lesbury, was provincial of the order in 1519.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. demised to Robert Elleker, knight, for the term of twenty-one years, the site of the house or late priory, vulgarly called "lez Blake freres de Hull Parke," with the land and pasturage and tenements belonging to it, excepting the great trees and woods. In the 6th of Elizabeth they were granted to William Rivet; and in



HULNE PRIORY.



CHIEBURN.

this record the title also is, "the house of late priory of friars preachers commonly called the Black Friars of Hull Park." It is strange that in both documents the name Black Friars is given, when their proper name from the colour of their habits was White Friars. In the same year these possessions were purchased of Anthony Rone, auditor, and Mr. Richard Ashstone, Queen's receiver, by Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland; but on his attainer they were given by the Queen to Sir John Forster. In 1618 they were in the occupation of John Salkeld, gentleman, who must have become proprietor of part, at least, of the Hulne property, for his name appears in connection with the priory in lists of freeholders for the years 1628 and 1663. Subsequently, however, the priory was purchased by the Percy family, to whom the whole of its property now belongs.

Ancient Remains at Chibburn.

LOW CHIBBURN is a farmstead about a mile north-east of Widdrington, Northumberland, and two or three miles distant from the Widdrington Station of the North-Eastern Railway. The commandery of the Knights Hospitallers, the remains of which are still seen at Chibburn, was a very strong building, surrounded by a moat, which could easily be filled with water in times of danger by the diversion of the rivulet which passes it. Sixty years ago the walls of the chapel were still entire and covered with a thatched roof. The once sacred building was then used as a barn by the tenant, Mr. Robert Latimer, who occupied the ancient house adjoining, approached from the north by a strong arched gateway, and surrounded by a thick wall. "The building," says one authority, "formed a hollow square, entered by a single gateway. On the west was the principal dwelling-house (still almost perfect). This was one of two storeys, with the windows on the upper floor projecting upon corbels, the better to attack the assailants beneath. On the south was the chapel of St. John, of excellent ashlar work; an upper floor extended half its length eastwards. The place was used in later times as a dowager-house of the Widdringtons. It is now divided into cottages." Our sketch, taken from a water-colour drawing by Mr. Robert Wood, of Newcastle, shows its present condition.

The history of the knights who once occupied this place is exceedingly interesting. They were a military-religious order, first known as Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards as Knights of Rhodes, and subsequently as Knights of Malta. About the middle of the 11th century, some merchants of Amalfi, in Italy, trading to the Levant, obtained leave of the Caliph of Egypt to build an hospital at Jerusalem, for the recep-

tion of the pilgrims who came from Europe to visit the Holy Sepulchre. They were at first simple men-nurses, but afterwards formed themselves into a military body, whose constitution was confirmed by the Pope, and the members, by the advice of their first superior, not only took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to the Church, but likewise added to their obligations those of fighting against the infidels and defending the Holy Sepulchre. During the first crusade, under Geoffrey of Bouillon, they gave material aid to the sick and wounded, and their ranks were recruited by persons of noble birth and weighty influence. On the conquest of Jerusalem by Saladin, the Hospitallers retired to Margat in Phœnicia, whence the progress of the infidel arms drove them first to Acre, and afterwards to Limisso, where the King of Cyprus assigned them a residence. In the year 1370, the knights, under their grand master, Foulkes de Villaret, in conjunction with a party of crusaders from Italy, captured Rhodes and seven adjacent islands from the Greek and Saracen pirates, by whom they were then occupied, and they carried on from thence, for about two hundred years, a not unsuccessful war against the Turks. In 1523, however, they were compelled to surrender Rhodes to Sultan Solymán. After they had found temporary refuge, first in Crete and subsequently in Italy, the Emperor Charles V. made over to them, in full sovereignty, the island of Malta. But after the Reformation, a moral degeneracy seems to have overspread the order, and it rapidly declined in political importance. By their statutes, the brethren consisted of three classes—knights, chaplains, and serving brothers, these last being fighting squires who followed the knights in their expeditions. The order was divided into eight languages—Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, and Castile. Each nation possessed several Grand Priors, under which were a number of commanderies, each under the government of an eminent knight, whose duty it was to instruct the neophytes in their duties, and to lead them into action when need required.

The chief establishment in England was the Priory at Clerkenwell, whose head had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, and was styled First Baron of England. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and St. John's Wood, relics of their possessions, perpetuate their memory in the metropolis. The order was suppressed in England in 1540, restored in 1557, and again suppressed in 1559. The lands then belonging to it were at the same time confiscated, as they likewise were at the Reformation in such of the Continental States as threw off the Papal yoke. Malta continued under the dominion of the knights till the year 1798, when, through the treachery of some French members of the order, and the cowardice of the grand-master D'Hompesch, the island was surrendered to the French, and the order as a sovereign body became extinct.

The brethren at first wore a long black habit with a

pointed hood, adorned with a cross of white silk, of the form called Maltese, on the left breast, as also a golden cross in the middle of the breast. In their military capacity they wore red surcoats with the silver cross before and behind. The badge worn by all the knights is a Maltese cross enamelled white and edged with gold; it is suspended by a black ribbon, and the embellishments attached to it differ in the different countries where the order still exists.

The name of the order has of late years been given in England to a philanthropic movement of a valuable character. The society known as the St. John's Ambulance Association was instituted in 1834, its objects then being to provide convalescent patients of hospitals with nourishing diet. More recently the organization has been extended under the name of the National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded in War, and has thus been the means of founding ambulance corps, cottage hospitals, and convalescent homes.

Meg Merrilies.

MEG MERRILIES is a master-piece of the great Magician of the North. The very conception of the character is copyright, although, by frank admission on the part of the great genius who created it, features, clothing, habits, and incidents have been borrowed from real persons to trick out the original picture. To add one lineament to a fancy portrait so complete and startling would savour of presumption. It would be like touching up Titian or modifying Michael Angelo. As a work of art and offspring of genius, the gipsy of "Guy Mannering" may be criticised, analysed, and illustrated. A reproduction is only possible by faithful transcription. But as Sir Walter acknowledged, and as many people suspected before his acknowledgment, there was a fair substratum of fact under the glowing fiction. Some critics asserted that they had discovered the original of the portrait in Flora Marshall, consort royal of Willie, the King of the Western Lowland Gipsies. She was one of seventeen wives to whom in succession the vigorous King William was married. He lived to the age of 120, notwithstanding the wild and exposed life he led. Of Flora it is told that while her husband was being tried for some of his numerous crimes, the watchful wife, true to the instincts of her race, and mindful of her duties as Queen of the Gipsies, was stealing the hood from the robe of the presiding judge. But, romantic as were the character and career of Flora, she is not the real Meg Merrilies.

In the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* appeared an article from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, while as yet he was unknown as the author of *Waverley*, on the subject of Meg's original, and as Sir Walter embodied this

article in the preface of the last edition of his works published in his life-time, it must be accepted as the veritable account of the genesis of Meg Merrilies. But in the same article was comprised a contribution from another writer, which shows how readily the picture of fiction brought to mind the family of gipsies out of which Scott had concocted or created his famous gipsy witch. The writer says:—"The late Madge Gordon was, we believe, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from the letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favourable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes:—"Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage—of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes, even in her old age, bushy hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well—every week she paid my father a visit for her awmous, when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently (for she made loud complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrels, while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more considerable importance, for there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the character of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her person." The former part of this supposition was correct; how far the latter was so may be doubted. The real substance of which the gipsy in "Guy Mannering" was the expanded and gigantic shadow, was the older of the two mentioned.

No better account of Jean Gordon exists than the one already alluded to, as proceeding from the pen that portrayed Meg Merrilies, and published in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is as follows:—"My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons, nine in number, had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she

absented herself from Lochside for several years. It happened in course of time that in consequence of some temporary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the Cheviots he was benighted and lost his way. A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter, and when he knocked at the door it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—‘Eh, sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye mauna gang forward the night, and a friend’s house sae near.’ The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy’s offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve persons of the same description, probably, with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean’s custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shakedown as the Scotch call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean who she had got there. ‘E’en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, puir body,’ replied Jean; ‘he’s been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but de’il be-lickit he’s been able to gother in, and sae he’s gaun e’en hame wi’ a toom purse and a sair heart.’ ‘That may be, Jean,’ replied one of the banditti, ‘but we mun rip his pouch a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.’ Jean set

up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty and the vehemence of Jean’s remonstrances determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as the day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail upon her to accept so much as a single guinea. I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean’s sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation, in the emphatic words, ‘Hang them a’!’ Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, ‘The Lord help the innocent in a day like this.’ Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle on a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim, at such intervals, ‘Charlie yet! Charlie yet!’ When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.”

According to Robert Chambers, in his interesting work entitled “Illustrations of the Author of Waverley,” published in 1822, Jean was married to Patrick Faa, a gipsy chief, by whom she had three daughters, as well as the nine sons alluded to above, nearly all of whom died at the hands of the common hangman. In 1714 one of the “bonnie lads,” Alexander, was murdered by another gipsy, Robert Johnston, who escaped, but after ten years was brought to trial for the crime. He was sentenced to be executed, but escaped from prison. But the gipsies were on his track. Jean, according to tradition, followed him like a bloodhound through Holland and Ireland. In

the latter country she laid hands on him and brought him back to Jedburgh, where she had the satisfaction of seeing him hanged on the Gallowshill. Some short time after the execution, Jean being at Sourhope, a sheep farm on Bowmont Water, the goodman said to her, "Weel, Jean, ye hae gotten Rob Johnston hanged at last, and out of the way?" "Ay, gudeman," replied the gipsy, lifting up her apron as she spoke, "and a' that fu' o' gowd has'na done't,"—an incident and speech that tallies pretty closely with the conduct of Meg Merrilies in the novel when she uses the expression "poke fu' o' jewels."

There is yet another candidate for the honour of being the prototype of Meg Merrilies. This was Margaret Carrick, mother of Meg Teasdale. The latter presided over a public-house near to Gilsland Spa, known then and still as Mumps' (or Beggars') Ha'. All visitors to the Spa for many years past have had pointed out to them the old house in which Sir Walter Scott localised the



MUMPS' HALL.

incident of Dandie Dinmont telling Meg Merrilies of the death of Ellangowan. It well deserved to be selected as a scene in so tragic a novel. The wood engraving which accompanies this article, and for the loan of which we are greatly indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bruce, represents the back of the house as it stood a few years ago.

The Meg of the lonely wayside hostelry was a cruel thief, who used (so the story goes) to drug travellers, and, having murdered and robbed them, throw their bodies into a deep tarn or pond a little way from the house. It was said that, in consequence of the presence of so large a mass of decaying human bones, the surface of the accursed pool was covered with a blue, phosphorescent light, visible to the affrighted wayfarer after nightfall.

A somewhat different account to this will be found in

the earlier editions of Dr. Bruce's celebrated work on the Roman Wall, published in 1851:—

In the immediate neighbourhood of Rose Hill is Mumps' Hall, formerly the residence of the Meg Merrilies of Sir Walter Scott.

"Mumps' Hall," says Hodgson, "according to tradition, was once a public-house, kept by a notorious person of the name of Meg Teasdale, who drugged to death such of her guests as had money. In 'Guy Mannering' she glares in the horrid character of Meg Merrilies. But certainly all this tradition is deeply coloured with unpardonable slander against the ancient and respectable family of the Teasdales of Mumps' Hall."

Sir Walter Scott was in early life an occasional resident at Gilsland. The broad, flat stone is pointed out, a little above the Shaws Hotel, on which tradition asserts he was standing when he declared to the subsequent Lady Scott the emotions that agitated his bosom. He had therefore the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the district and its traditions.

The small thatched cottage, opposite the road leading from the railway station, is usually pointed out as the residence of Meg; but it is not the one that was occupied by her. She lived in the larger building beyond, round which the road bends at a right angle. The front of the house is modernized, but the back of it still retains the character of a Border fortress. My information on this and other subjects respecting her has been derived from an individual residing in the district, whose mother knew Meg well, and visited her upon her death-bed. Although the heroine of Mumps' Hall was cast in a mould somewhat suited to the state of the district at that time, she was not the fiend-like woman that she is generally represented. One murder, however, the tradition of the country lays to her charge. A pedlar having called upon Meg's brother, who kept a school at Long Byers (midway between Rose Hill and Greenhead), accidentally presented to him a box filled with guineas instead of his snuff-box. The traveller was requested to convey a note to Mumps' Hall, which he did, but was not seen alive afterwards. Suspicion arising, the house was searched, and the body found concealed among hay in the barn; but the parties who made the discovery durst not reveal it, for fear of injury to themselves and families. About six weeks after, the body was found lying upon the moors. My informant added to his narrative—"probably the laws were not so active in those days as at the present, for these things could not escape now."

When Meg was upon her death-bed, the curiosity of the neighbourhood was excited, and many of her cronies visited her, in hopes of hearing her disburden her conscience respecting the death of the pedlar. They were, however, disappointed; for whenever she attempted to speak upon the subject, some one of the family, who always took care to be present, placed a hand upon her mouth.

Upper Denton Church is hard by. It is evidently a very ancient building, and possibly exhibits some Saxon work. It is one of the smallest churches in England, and is as damp and mouldy as felons' dungeons used to be. Meg and several of the members of her family lie in the churchyard. Four tombstones, ranged in a row, mark their resting-places.

In Scott's notes to "Guy Mannering" will be found an account of a real Dandie Dinmont—known as Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale. The tale given there is substantially as follows:—Charlie had been to Stagshawbank Fair, where Meg's spies had spotted him as likely to be money-laden when homeward bound. While tarrying at the old ale-house, Mumps' Ha', Meg adroitly

drew the charges from his pistols, substituting tow. Charlie lingered over his stoup of ale till nightfall, and then set forth across the Waste of Bewcastle. Being a wary borderer, he suspected his pistols might have been tampered with, and on trying them found his suspicions correct. He drew the tow and re-loaded. In a short time he found himself hemmed in by robbers. He put spurs to his horse and presented his pistol. "Damn your pistol—I care not a curse for it," said the foremost robber. "Aye, lad," replied Charlie, "but, mind, *the tow's out now.*" It is scarcely needful to say that the robbers decamped.

The prime mover of these reputed outrages is said to have died a natural death (Sir Walter says some of the family suffered hanging), and was buried at the age of 98 in Upper Denton Churchyard, with the following epitaph on her tombstone:—

What I was once fame may relate.
What I am now is each one's fate.
What I shall be none can explain,
Till he that called me call again.

The Fighting Fifth.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS is the new territorial name bestowed on the troops connected with our northern county. "The Old and Bold," or the Fifth Regiment of Foot, whose head-quarters are now in Newcastle, was raised during the reign of Charles II., in 1674, for service in Holland, where for some years it followed the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. Later on the Fifth was engaged in the defence of Gibraltar during one of its sieges. At this battle the fire was so hot that it is related no fewer than 70 cannon and 30 mortars burst in the batteries. The regiment acquired great fame in the action at Groebenstein, and in the woods of Wilhelmsthal: the Grenadiers of France, the Royal Grenadiers, the regiment of Aquitaine, and other corps—being the flower of the French Infantry—after one fire surrendered to the Fifth.

Throughout the whole of our unfortunate contest with America, it was the lot of the Fifth to stand principally engaged. In no instance was it more conspicuous for gallantry than in the action of Charlestown—commonly called Bunker's Hill. During that unhappy but well-fought day, Captain George Harris (afterwards the conqueror of Mysore) was severely wounded in the head whilst he led on the grenadiers. On that occasion, Lord Francis Rawdon, who was lieutenant of the company, kept up the spirit of intrepidity that had been displayed by his disabled captain, and retired with the remnant of his brave followers after having received two shots through his cap.

Then came the campaign in the Peninsula. The year 1811 witnessed the combat at El Bodon, an incident which deserved and enjoyed the rare credit of the special praise of Lord Wellington. The Duke was generally very chary of expressions of admiration; he held to the doctrine that praise, if too lavishly administered, becomes a matter of indifference to its objects. His expressed approbation, therefore, was the more valuable for its rarity, and hence when he said that the action of El Bodon offered a memorable example of what could be done by steady discipline and confidence, he paid the troops engaged the highest compliment they could receive. The facts of the case are simply these:—The 5th and 77th Regiments of the line were employed during the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, prior to the siege in 1812, on the heights near the village of El Bodon. They were associated with the 11th Light Dragoons, a Portuguese regiment of Cacadores, and some Portuguese artillery. This small force was suddenly attacked by a cloud of French cavalry and fourteen battalions of infantry with six guns; the Portuguese guns were captured in the fray, the Fifth gallantly recovered them, and when the Fifth and Seventy-Seventh were assailed by the cavalry, they *charged and overthrew the horsemen!* Could any infantry in the world have accomplished more?

The assault of Badajoz, in which also the Fifth Regiment was engaged, took place at 10 p.m. on April 6th, 1812, and perhaps the annals of war scarcely furnish a more striking example of daring attack and earnest resistance. The following extract from the stirring narrative of Napier is worth recording:—"Still swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until, all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled but untamed, fell back a few paces and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle; yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility, a second ladder was soon placed by the Grenadier officer, Canch, and the next moment he and Ridge were on the ramparts. The shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve then came up, a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory."

The "Fighting Fifth" contributed to the restoration of the empire in India during the Mutiny, as the following incident will show:—In August, 1857, two companies under the command of Captain F. W. L'Estrange, with

three guns under Major V. Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, defeated a large force of the rebels, and effected the relief of Arrah. In September, the head-quarters of the regiment marched from Allahabad under Major E. Simmons, joined Major-General Havelock's force, and was present in the engagements at Pundoo Nuddee, Mungulnar, and Alum Bagh. It was also present at the storming of Lucknow and the first relief of the Residency's garrison, and was afterwards engaged in the defence of the new position taken up outside the Residency. On the approach of Sir Colin Campbell with his relieving force, the Fifth took a prominent part in the storm and capture of the enemy's posts at the King's Stables, Engine House, and other places. It afterwards became part of Sir James Outram's force at the Alum Bagh, and was constantly employed in repelling harassing attacks of the rebels, and in many successful sorties, until March, 1858, when it was engaged in the final assault and capture of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell.

With reference to the battle of Arrah, fought in August, 1857, here is a letter from Captain L'Estrange to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Dinapore:—"I have the honour to report that on the arrival of the detachment Fifth Fusiliers (160 men) under my command at Buxar, I found that our services were required to co-operate with Major Eyre, Bengal Artillery, to march on Arrah, where we understood some 2,000 or 3,000 of the mutineers had assembled. On the following evening the force, consisting of 3 guns, 154 men, with Captain Scott, Ensigns Lewis, Oldfield, and Mason, all of the Fifth Fusiliers, under my command, and 12 mounted volunteers of the Railway and Engineer Department, the whole under command of Major Eyre, left Buxar *en route* for Arrah. We came on the enemy on the morning of the 2nd August. We found that they had assembled in immense force, and the woods for miles round seemed to be swarming with rebel Sepoys. Major Eyre immediately fired some rounds of shell among the enemy who were in front, and sent a skirmishing party, under the command of Captain Scott, to drive the rebels out of the woods. In consequence of an extensive swamp on the left of the road, our skirmishers were delayed for a short time, but at length reached the woods under a very heavy fire from the mutineers. Our skirmishers soon cleared the woods on the right and left of the road, during which time the right skirmishing party sustained a severe cross fire, and three men of the Fifth were wounded; our whole force then gained the open country, but with the loss of a considerable quantity of baggage. The enemy had surrounded us on all sides, and, our main body being within the enemy's rifle range, the drivers left the elephants and baggage carts and made off into the woods. A mile further on we found that the Beebeegunge bridge had been completely destroyed by the rebels, who had there concentrated their forces, and were determined to dispute our further advance. Finding that

the reconstruction of the bridge in face of such a large force of the enemy was impossible, and that the river could not be forded, we made a flank movement so as to gain the railway embankment on our right, and thus proceeded direct to Arrah. The enemy immediately left their position behind Beebeegunge bridge, and proceeded in a parallel direction with us: they kept up their fire on us, but the ground being favourable for our skirmishers, who were judiciously led by Captain Scott, no great difficulty was experienced by our force until we arrived to within 300 yards of the railway embankment. The ground here being very much broken, and as we were unable to get the guns on to the railway line, the rebels clearly saw the difficulties we had to encounter, and made certain of our complete destruction. Notwithstanding Major Eyre having opened on the enemy with shot and shell, and although our skirmishers made excellent practice with their Enfields, still no impression could be made on the rebels, who advanced in large numbers, and came rushing on to the mouths of the guns. In the wood on our left an immense body of the rebels had assembled, and poured a tremendous fire upon our line, the left of which with two guns occupied a slope, and the right was close up to the railway bank under shelter of some brick kilns and other sort of cover; our line was then about 400 yards in length, and the enemy came pouring down on us in large numbers. At this time we were in imminent danger, when Major Eyre ordered us to charge the enemy. This movement was perfectly successful, and, our line advancing at the charge, the mutineers fled from the woods, from whence emerging Major Eyre opened on them with grape, and the enemy cleared off in all directions. One officer and eight men were wounded during the operations of the day, which commenced at about 6 a.m., and lasted until about 3 p.m."

It cannot be thought superfluous to make an observation relative to the apparent contradiction which is manifested between the actual situation in the line of the Fifth Regiment with regard to the Sixth, the latter, from the date of its establishment, appearing to be an older regiment. The same singular circumstance attends the Fourth, or King's Own, which, in point of original formation, is junior to the Fifth. These seeming contradictions are accounted for in the following manner:—When the regiments in question were first raised, they were not placed upon the British establishment, but sent by Charles II. for the service of the States-General. On the abdication of King James II. and the subsequent election of William, Prince of Orange, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth were numbered and taken into the line according to the periods at which they landed from Holland. Thus, for instance, the Fourth, which had originally been raised after the Fifth, arrived in England before that corps, and took precedence. The Sixth, which had been levied before the Fifth, returned to its native country at a later period

than either, and was consequently placed according to that date.

The Fifth bears on its colours :—St. George and the Dragon, with the motto : "Quo Fata Vocant"; the rose and crown; the king's crest; and the following distinctions :—Wilhelmsthal, Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Lucknow.

N. L., Hexham.

Views in North Northumberland.

A LONG the new line of railway which was lately opened between Alnwick and Cornhill are some of the finest scenes in the county of Northumberland, together with places of great historic interest. A few of these are represented in the accompanying sketches.

The first is a view from Clayport Bank of the quaint old town of Alnwick, which, sloping gradually upward from the southern bank of the Aln, forms the centre

"wick" or village on the Aln, or "bright" river, to the close of the fifteenth century, the tempests of Border warfare were always sweeping around it. The capture of William the Lion, the death of Malcolm Canmore, the march of the English armies northward and of the Scottish armies southward, the flight and pursuit of notable moss-troopers, the ruins of smouldering villages, the movements of troops in the civil wars, Yorkists and Lancastrians, Royalists and Roundheads—these were the spectacles witnessed by the ancient burghers of Alnwick. Besieged at one time and burned at another, in spite of its towers and walls and guardian-like castle, what wonder that the growth of the town was somewhat hindered! Alnwick, within recent years, has overstepped its ancient boundaries very considerably. Much, however, remains to recall the past: the grim-looking gateway tower, blocking up the principal thoroughfare, the plain-fronted and strongly-built old houses, with their quaint inscriptions and sculptured badges, the characteristic hosteleries of the old-fashioned coaching days, fragments of weathered masonry, the venerable church of Michael's with its curious watch-turret, and, above all, the "palace-castle" with its unaltered barbican, its



ALNWICK.

of a beautiful North-Country landscape. Its history, bound up in a measure with that of the baronial home of the Percies, is a record of strife and bloodshed. From the time when a few heather-thatched hovels with clay-daubed walls, clustering together beneath the stockaded burgh of the Saxon chief, became known as the

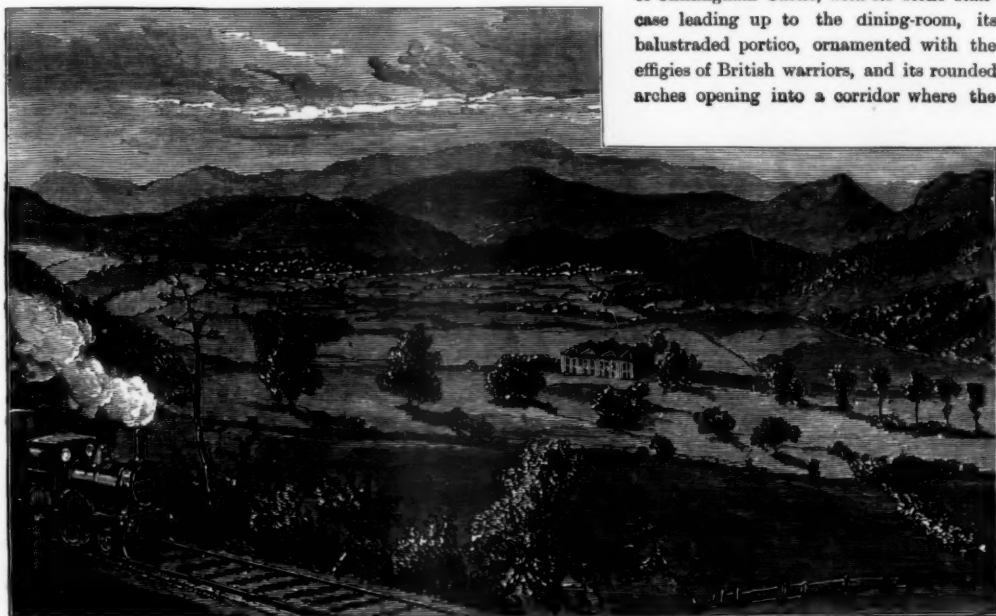
mural towers and shell-formed keep, more picturesque, it may be, though not more imposing than the solid rectangular keeps of Bamborough and Newcastle.

The prospect seen from the railway about half a mile from Edlingham Station is represented in our second sketch. The mansion-house in the foreground, which

stands on an elevation of three hundred feet, is Lemington Hall, the property of Mr. W. J. Pawson, of Shawdon. Its east wing is an ancient peel tower referred to in the Survey of 1460 as the "turre de Lematon"—a building 53 feet square, having walls about 6

the son of Hardicanute, who had been sold as a slave to a certain widow at Whittingham, was redeemed and made king of Northumbria in the thirteenth year of King Alfred's reign.

Our third sketch gives a view of the spacious courtyard of Chillingham Castle, with its stone staircase leading up to the dining-room, its balustraded portico, ornamented with the effigies of British warriors, and its rounded arches opening into a corridor where the



VALE OF WHITTINGHAM.

feet 6 inches thick. Beneath it stretches the richly-cultivated vale of Whittingham, a scene of idyllic beauty, shut in on the north by Titington Mount and Jenny Lantern Hill, with Glanton Pike and the pastoral hills of Fawdon and Ryle, and on the south by the Thrunton and Callaley Craggs, and the heathery uplands of Rimside Moor. Fields of waving cereals, meadows, and pastures all dotted with cattle and sheep; villages, hamlets, and farmsteads, with country houses and patches of woodland—these are the details of the outspread picture. The little rural capital of the vale, nestling amid trees and gardens on the lovely banks of the Aln, possesses two objects of the greatest antiquarian interest—the Saxon church and the mediaeval peel tower. According to Roger de Hoveden, Cuthred,

celebrated "toad-stone" is now deposited. This castellated mansion, designed by Inigo Jones at a time



CHILLINGHAM

when the Italian style of domestic architecture had somewhat superseded the Elizabethan, is quadrangular in form, consisting of four ancient Border towers, connected by more modern buildings and surmounted

of the ancient castle are two grim towers, one of which stands by itself a little to the south-west (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 455), and supports on its walls a tower-like superstructure for raising the flagstaff above

the generally flat skyline of the building. The other is at the north-west corner of the mansion, and contains in its uppermost storey the chamber where King James is said to have slept on the night before Flodden. The tradition, however, is a very doubtful one. The view from the window of the valley of the Till and the pine-clad heights of Flodden, with the high, green Cheviots in the background, is remarkably fine. In the basement of the tower, on the north, the artist has represented the small trefoil-headed slit which admits the light into the "dungeon"—a vaulted chamber of fourteenth century construction, probably the most



FORD CASTLE.

by embrasured parapets. The narrow baronial prison, with the dark dungeon underneath its floor, may yet be seen. Chillingham, of which some account has already been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. i., p. 272), was formerly held by the family of the Greys, until, by the marriage of the heiress, daughter of Ford Lord Grey, with Lord Ossulston, it became a possession of the Tankervilles. The surroundings are very beautiful: the mossy little dell at one side, watered by the Chillingham burn, the splendid gardens and shrubberies at the other, the magnificent carriage-drive with its avenue of lofty limes, and the far-famed park, two thousand acres in extent, undulating upwards to the summit of Ros Castle, with its feeding-grounds for the wild cattle and its pinewood clumps and plantations.

Chillingham was an imitation of Ford Castle, the earliest example between the Tees and the Tweed of a quadrangular building with a square tower at each corner. Our fourth sketch is a view of the north and west fronts of this famous border stronghold. Burnt down by the Scottish King James IV. a short time before the battle of Flodden, Ford was partially restored a few years after, and re-built it in 1761-4. The only remnants

interesting feature of the castle. A sweeter little village than Ford, which is close to the gates of the castle, could hardly be imagined outside of Arcadia. There is

Nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between.

The cosy-looking, red-tiled cottages, half hidden in foliage and flowering tendrils, are approached through the prettiest and trimmest of gardens, while the model little school-room is not only cheerful and attractive on the



THE CHEVIOTS.

outside, but rendered equally so in the inside by the frescoes of the Marchioness of Waterford illustrative of the "lives of good children."

Our fifth and last sketch is a view from the Akeld and Kirknewton road of Yeavinger Bell and the Glendale hills—the northernmost heights of the Cheviot range. They are chiefly of porphyry, conical in shape and connected with each other by rounded ridges, or separated by deep, short valleys and glens. The summit of Yeavinger Bell is surrounded by the fortifications of the ancient Britons, whose circular dwellings may still be traced on the lower slopes of the hill. Beneath it, at old Yeavinger, is a cottage containing some ancient masonry, which is supposed to be a remnant of King Edwin's palace of Ad-Gebrin, where Paulinus abode when catechising and baptising the inhabitants of Glendale. A large upright stone in the centre of a field to the south-west commemorates the battle of Getering, where the Scots were defeated in 1415 by Sir Robert de Umfraville. Coupland Castle is on the other side of the valley.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

Old Tyne Vessels.

THE Register Book of Shipping for the year 1811-2 has the following entries, the date of the entries being 76 years ago, and long prior to any controversies as to the age of the various vessels named:—

AMPHITRITE, brig, 221 tons; Captain Stephenson, owner Elder, built at Shields 1776, crew 15, single deck with beams; new bottom, new deck and upper works 1802, also new bottom and damages repaired 1807. Class E 1, in London transport service.

BETSEY CAINS, ship, 176 tons; Captain N. Carden, owners captain and others, built at King's yard, 1690, crew 12; rebuilt 1722, raised and thoroughly repaired 1802, some repairs 1807, four twelve carronades. Class A 1, surveyed 1810, in Plymouth transport service.

BROTHERLY LOVE, 198 tons; Captain Kirby, owner D. Heady, built at Ipswich 1764, crew 15, single deck with beams; damages repaired 1807 and 1808, large repairs 1811, four three-pounders, surveyed 1811. Class 1-1, in Shields and London trade.

FREE LOVE, ship, 329 tons; Captain Thompson, owner J. Carbin, built at Whitby 1785, single deck with beams; new top sides and thoroughly repaired 1809, 16 crew, eight nine-pounders, surveyed 1810. Class E 1, in London transport service.

Taking another of Lloyd's Annual Registers of Shipping, that for 1849, a date mid-way between the one already quoted and the present time, I find the following entry:—

AMPHITRITE, snow, 305 tons; Captain Armstrong, built at Newcastle, 1776, owner Laing, North Shields, voyages Shields and London; part doubled 1820, part 1848, lengthened 1820, large repairs 1844, new deck and large repairs 1849. Class A 1, surveyed January, 1849.

The difference in the tonnage of the Amphitrite in the years 1811 and 1849 is accounted for by her being lengthened in 1820, and the operation of the new Measurement Act which came into force on January 1st, 1836. It is

evident from the quotations given that, if the whole series of Lloyd's Annual Registers for the past century be inspected, much of the history of "old Tyne vessels" can be obtained.

Whilst on the subject of old ships it may be interesting to note that built in the same year as the Brotherly Love was the ship Truelove, an old whaler of Hull which was only condemned and broken up about eight or nine years ago. She was built at Philadelphia in the year 1764. She made her first trip to the Arctic regions in 1784, and went to Davis Straits as recently as 1866. She had made over 70 voyages to the Arctic seas. In 1873, when 109 years old, she visited Philadelphia, the port of her birth, and was enthusiastically received by its citizens, who presented a centenary flag suitably inscribed. Another old ship running in the early part of this century was the Volunteer, built at Whitby in 1756, and sailing from that port to the Greenland seas. Tradition says she was an old transport. Being sold, she was employed in the Greenland trade for about half a century, sailing during that time from Hull and Whitby.

J. S. Y., Hull.

Henry Russell: "Man the Lifeboat."

WRITING in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on Oct. 22nd, 1887, Robin Goodfellow mentioned that an old concert programme had been placed in his hands. This programme announced performances in the Music Hall, Newcastle, by Mr. Henry Russell, the most popular composer and vocalist we have ever had



in England. Mr. Russell gave two concerts in the hall named on the 1st and 2nd of December, 1845.

It was stated in the announcement that half of the receipts would be given for the benefit of the Infirmary. Tickets were to be had of Mr. Richardson, of 44, Grey Street. A note at the foot of the programme informed the public that a separate and commodious entrance to the reserved seats had been made through the Clarendon Hotel, Grainger Street. This hotel was situated near the Monument. The building became afterwards the Union Club, and is now the business premises of Mr. John Moses. The Northumberland Hall was at one time the "long room" of the Clarendon. It adjoins the Music Hall, which has become the Gaiety Theatre, and to which there was formerly an entrance from the hotel. Among the famous songs Mr. Russell was announced to sing in 1845 were:—"Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Old Arn Chair," "The Gambler's Wife," "The Maniac," and "Some Love to Roam." Robin Goodfellow added that Mr. Russell was still in the land of the living, though advanced in years, having been born at Sheerness in 1816. The paragraph in the *Weekly Chronicle* attracted the notice of Mr. Russell himself, who subsequently wrote the following letter, from which it will be seen that his celebrated song, "Man the Lifeboat," was composed at Tynemouth:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest your note on a very early performance of mine at Newcastle, a city of which I preserve some of the happiest recollections of my life. I do not know that I ever gave an entertainment in any town in the United Kingdom in which my efforts to entertain the public met with more generous and (I may add) more intellectual appreciation. It gives me pleasure to think that your reference to my name should be coupled with an act illustrative of the sincere good wishes I have ever felt towards the large-hearted people of the North.

It may interest your numerous readers to know that one of my compositions, "Man the Lifeboat," which I am happy in my old age to know has proved of material advantage to the noble mission of life saving, was written at Tynemouth, and this single song, I may venture to think, inspired as it was in a neighbourhood in which the lifeboat had its first being, establishes a link between Newcastle, its district, and myself, the perpetuation of which, as I may gather from your friendly reference, is likely to be enduring.

I am much interested in the changes which you indicate. I very well recollect the old building in which I gave my entertainment. Long years elapsed before I revisited your city, and the manifold transformations of time were forcibly illustrated to me by the spectacle of handsome streets replacing the old narrow ways which I recollected, and I would particularly instance the magnificent bridge of Robert Stephenson, which had no existence in the days to which your note refers.

Your reference has recalled so much to me that you must forgive me for thanking you for accentuating one of the most pleasant of my agreeable recollections.—I am,
&c.,
HENRY RUSSELL.

St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Ramsgate, Oct. 27, 1887.

The words of the celebrated song, "Man the Lifeboat," which were written by Mrs. Crawford, may appropriately be appended:—

Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
See how she's tempest toss'd.

No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save,
Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks her watery grave.
Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
See the dreaded signal flies;
Ha! she's struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise.

And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild,
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.
Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there.
Oh! speed the lifeboat, speed the lifeboat,
Oh! God, their efforts crown;
She dashes on, the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now
Amidst the billows' roar;
They're in the boat! they're all afloat!
Hurrah! they've gained the shore.
Bless the lifeboat, bless the lifeboat!
Oh! God, thou'lt hear our prayer.
Bless the lifeboat, bless the lifeboat!
No longer we'll despair.

Northumbrian Saints.

By Richard Welford.

ST. ALCHMUND,

SEVENTH BISHOP OF HEXHAM.



CCA, fifth Bishop of Hexham, was buried, as we have seen (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 76), in September, 740. His successor, Frethbert, governed the church twenty-two years and was followed by Alchmund, who was consecrated on the 24th April, 767. Alchmund, who is described as "a man of eminent holiness; a prelate of many and surprising virtues," ruled the bishopric for thirteen years, and, dying on the 7th of September, 781, was buried near Acca, at the east end of the parish church.

Seven bishops had now presided over the see of Hexham—Wilfrid, Eata, Tymberth, John, Acca, Frethbert, and Alchmund—and of these seven, Eata, Acca, Frethbert, and Alchmund had been buried in or near "that stately shrine which was without a peer on this side of the Alps." In after years they were canonised, and their bones were taken up and reverently preserved as relics. The story of the discovery of Alchmund's remains is a curious one. Early in the eleventh century, Alured, sacrist of Durham, endeavoured to concentrate the relics of Northern saints within his own monastery. He collected the bones of Boisil from Melrose, Oswin from Tynemouth, and Bede from Jarrow, besides those of other saints from Tynningham and Coldingham. While he was thus engaged, a person of note in Hexham

dreamed that a magnificent being stood before him, glittering with light, who bade him go to Alured and desire him to remove his remains to a more honourable position in the church. The sleeper inquired who it was that addressed him. The visionary personage replied that he was Alchmund, and, describing his burial place, vanished. Alured, informed of this dream, went to Hexham, found Alchmund's bones, and laid them for the night in the porch. His zeal, however, outran his discretion. He had quietly removed one of Alchmund's fingers to carry away to Durham, and the saint resented the mutilation. When, next day, the bearers attempted to remove the coffin, they found the burden too heavy for them. All their efforts failed, and at eventide they had made no progress. Then, when all Hexham was sleeping, Alchmund appeared again to the dreamer, showed his fingerless hand, and demanded that his bones should be buried entire. Next morning Alured was informed of the vision, restored the purloined finger, and, with hymns and canticles, and other suitable services, the body was interred.

In 1154 there was a solemn translation of the relics of Alchmund and other bishops who had been buried at Hexham. The bones were put into three coffers bearing leaden plates inscribed with the names of the prelates, and set up close to the high altar in a suitable receptacle richly adorned with sculpture and colour. There they remained till, on the 8th April, 1296, the Scots came and plundered Hexham. The marauders burnt the church and convent, tore open the coffers, stole the gems and precious metals, and threw the rest of the contents into the flames. So perished the bones of Alchmund, the dust of Acca, and all the relics which had made Hexham famous among the shrines of Northumberland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW,

PRIEST, MONK, AND HERMIT OF FARNE.

Bartholomew, the hermit of Farne, was born at Whitby, towards the middle of the twelfth century. In youth he went to Norway, where, resisting importunities to marry, he put himself under the tuition of a priest; and, having himself been raised to the priesthood, he returned to England, and officiated at a church in Northumberland. Thence he made his way to Durham, entered the monastery, and became a monk under the name of Bartholomew, by which name he was afterwards known. While there he dreamed that St. Cuthbert appeared to him, and bade him go to the Island of Farne and live the life of a hermit. He left the monastery in the first week of Advent, 1151, and took up his permanent abode upon the solitary rock to which St. Aidan loved to retire, and upon which St. Cuthbert died.

Sailors from Norway and Denmark occasionally sought shelter in the creek or haven of his island, and fishermen from the coast would not unfrequently land there to pray

in St. Cuthbert's oratory. Bartholomew took the opportunity to instruct them and minister to their wants as best he could from his own little store. Once, when the storm was prolonged, he had his cow killed to feed them. The fame and odour of his sanctity spread, and men of all ranks, the high born and the lowly, came sin-burdened and contrite from all parts to confess to him, and be absolved and directed by him. A strong familiarity, too, sprung up between the anchorite and the sea fowl—the cormorant, the bittern, the eider duck, the puffin, and the gull.

When he had been five years at Farne he was joined by Thomas, Prior of Durham. There was some friction between the two at first, and Bartholomew went back to the cathedral city which Thomas had left. But all difficulties were smoothed over, and he returned to the island and lived in harmony with his colleague until the prior's death left him once more alone.

After spending 42 years at Farne, the weakness of old age fell upon Bartholomew. On Ascension Day, 1193, he fell ill. His brethren from Lindisfarne visited him and attended to his simple wants. For the last seven weeks of his life he neither ate nor drank; he rarely spoke, but was rapt in prayer and contemplation. It was his express wish to be buried where he had fought and fallen. No one was near when he departed. Close by, a coffin of stone was found, which he had prepared for himself. In this his body was reverently laid, and deposited, with many tears, on the south side of St. Cuthbert's Chapel, and close to St. Cuthbert's Fountain.

ST. BEDE,

"THE VENERABLE."

About the year 673, when the Government of England was a Heptarchy, when Adeodatus, the God-given, was Pope, and when Egfrid was king and Wilfrid bishop of Northumbria, there was born, within the territory of the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, a child who was destined to become a great man, and to be known all the world over as the Venerable Bede. The abbot of the monastery was Benedict Biscop, who had founded the establishment, and was labouring to extend its privileges northward to the banks of the Tyne. To him, and to the brethren under his rule, the boy, when seven years old, was entrusted—dedicated by his kinsfolk at that early age to the service of the altar and the discipline of the cloister.

By the time Bede was eleven or twelve years old, the indefatigable abbot had succeeded in extending his monastery to Jarrow. Twenty-two of the brethren, including Bede, were sent to the new foundation, and there, with Ceolfrid as abbot, they built up the monastery of St. Paul. Thenceforward the organization was known as the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul at Wearmouth and Jarrow. Very soon after their arrival on the

banks of the Tyne a pestilence swept away the monks until there remained only Ceolfrid and Bede, and these two, the abbot and the postulant, kept up the celebration of the Divine office until the vacant stalls began to be re-occupied.

Eagerly availing himself of the literary treasures with which the zeal and enterprise of the founder had endowed the united monastery, Bede spent his tranquil youth in the acquisition of learning. An apt scholar, he quickly attained proficiency in chanting, acquired a knowledge of theology, and made fair progress in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Abbot Ceolfrid rewarded his pious diligence by recommending him to the favour of his diocesan, John, Bishop of Hexham, better known in history by his after name of St. John of Beverley. When he was nineteen years old, Bishop John admitted him to deacon's orders—a high, if not unprecedented honour, for the rules of the Church prescribed twenty-five years as the minimum age at which the office of deacon might be conferred upon the qualified novice. Eleven years were devoted to meditative study in his sequestered home at Jarrow, and then Abbot Ceolfrid presented him once more to the appreciation of the bishop, and he was ordained priest. With his admission into the second order of the ministry his life-work began. Bede the monk became Bede the author,—a writer of books for the instruction of his brethren, books which have won the admiration of mankind, and given him an imperishable fame.

The writings of Bede comprise about forty separate treatises; but it is chiefly upon one of them, "The Ecclesiastical History of our Island and Nation," that his fame rests. Lingard tells us that upon its completion this history was received with universal applause; "by succeeding generations it was piously preserved as a memorial of the virtue of their ancestors; and by Alfred the Great was translated into Saxon for the instruction of his more illiterate countrymen. That it is a faithful record of the times has never been doubted; and if to some critics the credulity of the writer with respect to miracles appear a blemish, yet his candour, sincerity, and piety must please and edify every reader."

Bede's tranquil life on the Tyne, entirely devoted as it was to his official duties and his literary labours of love, affords no material for a biography adequate to his reputation and his place in history. We know him only by his writings, though the late Bishop Bewick, in the "Biographical Series" of the Catholic Truth Society, quoting from "a very old and very good authority," gives a pleasant description of his personal appearance. According to this authority, he was of goodly stature and grave deportment, having a handsome face and pleasing countenance, in which severity was blended with a certain charm of sweetness—a man of fluent speech gifted

with a fine tenor voice, &c. And then the good bishop draws a picture of him as he may have been seen standing at the altar, saying mass, sitting in his stall in choir chanting the divine office, pacing the cloisters, walking in the gardens and shrubberies by the side of the little river Don, strolling on the sands of the Slake when the tide was out, or occasionally sailing with his fellow monks up and down the Tyne in one of the coracles or fishing boats of the monastery.

But, if there is no proper record of the life of the great ecclesiastical historian, we have a narrative of his closing scene which shows the beautiful simplicity of his character, his unaffected piety, and his earnest devotion to the work whereunto he was called, in terms of moving pathos. It was written by Cuthbert, one of his pupils, to a fellow reader named Cuthwin. After describing the progress of the malady with which the dying monk was afflicted, during the fortnight before Ascension Day [May 26], 735, when he died, the writer proceeds:—

The Tuesday before the Ascension of our Lord came he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure. And when the morning appeared, that is Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter [of St. John's Gospel] wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen and make ready, and write fast." Which he did, but at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense: run quickly and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver, and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." * * * Having said much more he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy above mentioned said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." He answered, "Write quickly." Soon after the boy said, "The sentence is now written." He replied, "It is well; you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place where I was wont to pray, that I may also sitting call upon my Father." And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

The remains of Bede were buried under the south porch of the conventual church at Jarrow, within sight of the humble cell in which he had yielded up his spirit. They were afterwards removed to a more honourable place within the sacred edifice, and for a long time were the object of great veneration. Pilgrims from great distances, and the faithful throughout the Northern Counties, visited Jarrow to pray, to see the chair in which Bede was accustomed to sit, and to view the stone upon which,

in the intervals between the hours of regular discipline, he loved to meditate.

Two centuries and a half after the death of Bede the church at Durham was founded, and during the episcopate of Eadmund, second bishop of that see, the priest Alured, already mentioned in connection with St. Alchmund, was collecting the remains of saints for the enrichment of St. Cuthbert's shrine. It was his custom every year to go on a pilgrimage to Jarrow with some of his brethren, and to return with them. On one of these occasions, having spent some days in the church in solitude, praying and watching, he returned to Durham in the early morning alone, and without the knowledge of his companions. Thenceforward he visited Jarrow no more. When he was asked by his friends where were the bones of Bede, he would reply, "No one can answer that question so well as I. You may be assured, my brethren, beyond all doubt that the same chest which holds the hallowed body of our father Cuthbert also contains the bones of Bede our reverend teacher and brother." And so it proved, for, after all those at Jarrow who could have reclaimed them had departed, the relics were found in the coffin of St. Cuthbert, where Alured had secreted them.

At a later time, when that munificent prelate Hugh Pudsey occupied the throne of the Northern See, the bones of St. Bede (for he had been canonised in the meantime) were deposited in a shrine of gold and silver which stood within St. Cuthbert's feretory. In 1370 the shrine was removed to the Galilee, where the Reformation found and destroyed it. The bones, or such of them as remained (for portions of St. Bede's relics were widely dispersed), were buried by order of the king's commissioners beneath the site of their previous exaltation, and the large table monument which we see in the Galilee was placed over them. Upon that monument was cut in the year 1831 an inscription, the penultimate word of which is said to have been supplied by an angel, while the old monk, who was trying to compose it, exhausted by his effort to fill up the hiatus, was sound asleep:—

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA, BEDE VENERABILIS OSSA.

Denton Chare, Newcastle.

DENTON CHARE was the principal thoroughfare from Westgate Road into St. Nicholas' Square, Newcastle, before Collingwood Street was constructed. Persons now living remember the chare as a brisk place of business. Many of the houses now present a very different aspect to what they did some half century ago; indeed some of them have been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. When certain changes contemplated by the Corporation, the Post Office authorities, and the North-Eastern

Railway Company are carried into effect, the appearance of this part of Newcastle will be again considerably modified. A few particulars about some of the old houses and the persons who occupied them some years ago, may not, therefore, be uninteresting.

The house now occupied by Mr. Pape, the gunmaker, though not facing Denton Chare, may be considered as once forming a part of it. It was formerly in the occupancy of Dr. Fife, Sir John Fife's father, and afterwards of another medical practitioner, the late Alderman Gregson. The next house was occupied by Tilly, a cabinetmaker; then came the register office kept by one Fairbairn; and following that was the shop of Turnbull, an old man who made violins. Above were the back bedrooms of the Turf Hotel. Further along there was a very old building in which two men carried on the business of "hecklers." One of them was called Tom Grierson, who made some addition to his income by acting as check-taker at the theatre in Mosley Street. "Heckling" was the dressing of the tow or lint for spinning and weaving. The "heckle" was a wooden block with steel spikes about six inches in length, and very sharp at the point. The tow was lashed upon the spikes, and then drawn rapidly away from them, by which means all the knots and impurities were removed from the tow or lint. Manual labour in this trade has been superseded to a great extent by machinery. It is believed that the last persons who carried on the trade of "hecklers" in Newcastle were two brothers of the name of Preston, whose shop was near to the Head of the Side.

The neighbour of the "hecklers" was a coffin-maker named Younger, who had a wooden leg. He dabbled in medicine to some extent, and enjoyed the reputation of being a more trustworthy man than the ordinary run of quack doctors. Not being a qualified practitioner himself, he was determined that one of his sons, who exhibited a similar taste for the curative art, should not labour under his disadvantages: so he spared no expense in his education, and the son was duly qualified. A man named Routledge, a tallow chandler, occupied the house next to Younger, and his neighbour was a fruiterer and provision dealer, called Hopper. Buddle, a grocer, was the tenant of the end shop on the north side. The shop at the opposite corner was occupied by two brothers named Brown. William Brown, one of the brothers, afterwards took the Turf Hotel, remaining there for many years. Two or three shops intervened between Brown's shop and the Cock Inn, one of them a noted pie shop, which many elderly local gentlemen may still remember, for it was patronised by almost all the boys of the town. The house is now in a ruinous condition. The Cock was a very old inn and posting house. Thomas Heron, the landlord, took great pride in his horses, and it was one of the sights on a Sunday to watch the

departure of the Tynemouth coach, to which were harnessed four beautiful steeds. A coach left the Cock for Morpeth Cattle Market on Tuesdays. Heron's eldest daughter married one of the Ogles of Northumberland. This old hostelry was much frequented by pitmen, who assembled here to arrange the cock "mains." It was also a house of call for operative masons. On his road from Benwell to the Cock, Billy Oliver, as related in the local song, went "along biv Denton Chare."

Next to the Cock was one of the principal fruiterer's shops in the town, kept by a man named Turnbull. Then there were two or three private dwelling-houses. In one of them lived a constable named Usher, who afterwards became Chief-Constable of Gateshead. What is now the Gloucester Inn at the west end of Denton Chare was formerly a clothier's shop. Some sixty years ago it was occupied by Messrs. Laidler and Dunn, who carried



Denton Chare,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

on a lucrative business. The Duke of Gloucester, when passing through Newcastle, tarried for a short time at the Turf Hotel. Some buttons had come off his royal highness's coat, and a waiter was despatched to the establishment of Laidler and Dunn, who replaced them. Shortly after this event the words "Tailors to the Duke of Gloucester" appeared in large letters on their sign, and the firm was not a little proud of the distinction. When the house became an inn, it followed as a natural sequence that the name selected for the sign was that of the Duke of Gloucester. Laidler, the head of the clothing firm, built a residence on Arthur's Hill, and called it "Gloucester House," but it was popularly known as "Cabbage Hall," in sly allusion to the owner's trade. The business afterwards came into the hands of Hutton and Rhind, and is now represented by Hutton and Sons, of Mosley Street, Newcastle.

An old local resident informs us that on the night of the "Battle of the Forth" he was in Denton Chare. The greater part of the inhabitants were standing about discussing the great topic of the day, when someone fired a pistol in the chare, causing great commotion among the dwellers of that otherwise peaceful locality. A moment afterwards a mounted Dragoon, with drawn sword, dashed into the chare, and scattered the people right and left, clearing the thoroughfare in "the twinkling of an eye." No one was hurt, but much indignation was expressed against the person who had discharged the firearm.

The Back Row, Newcastle.

THE locality known as the Back Row has for more than half a century borne an evil reputation in Newcastle. It is situated in what at one time was a fashionable part of the town, and many of the houses still retain evidences of former importance. In late years the large residences have been let out in tenements, the result being that the occupants are of a mixed class, and, in many cases, of dubious character. But in consequence of certain contemplated improvements by the North-Eastern Railway Company, the Corporation, and the Post Office, the whole of the houses in the Back Row are now being pulled down.

Two of the most distinguished of our citizens once resided in the Back Row. Here it was that the Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle, served his time with Anthony Wheatley, cordwainer. Here, too, was the school of Charles Hutton, who, at the time, described himself simply as "writing-master and teacher of mathematics," but who afterwards became professor in the Military College, Woolwich, from which position he retired with a pension of £500 per annum.

The accompanying sketch shows part of the south side of the street, looking towards the old Castle.



Notes and Commentaries.

MR. LOCKEY HARLE.

The little sketch of Mr. Lockey Harle which appeared in vol. ii. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 49, was scarcely lengthy enough to do full justice to his great abilities, especially as a speaker. Mr. Harle's exceedingly pleasing delivery, and his command of well-chosen language, made it a treat to listen to him. He was especially happy when addressing young men of the working class. I have heard him more than once say that a steady, industrious, capable workman was pretty sure of constant employment, and able (if willing) to lay by a store for old age. It was his belief that England was the best country in the world for the working man. Mr. Harle died on the 18th January, 1878—not 1868, as was inadvertently stated.

W. W.

THE ROMAN REMAINS AT LANCHESTER.

Concerning the remains of the Roman Station at Lanchester, described on page 74, vol. ii., of the *Monthly Chronicle*, Surtees states in his "History of Durham," published in 1820, that the late proprietor of the farm at Hollingside recollected the site of the station, which occupied eight acres (not eighty, as previously stated), when it was covered with fallen pillars, and when the towers of the wall were still visible. The stone employed in building the station was brought from a hill about a mile to the east of Lanchester. The ruins supplied materials for the church at Lanchester, the village, the farm-houses, and the stone fences of the neighbouring enclosures. It is said the masons preferred the lettered or sculptured stones for "throughs," and frequently placed them in walls with their faces inwards. The station was, in fact, the general quarry of hewn stone for the whole district.

S.

APPRENTICES AND SALMON.

It is remarkable that no direct evidence exists, no indenture with the stipulation intercalated, limiting the number of days weekly on which Newcastle apprentices might be obliged to eat salmon. Otherwise surely such evidence would have reached Mr. Clephan. However, I do not see how we can set aside the clear statement of our worthy townsman, Thomas Bewick (Memoir, 1862, p. 222):—"From about the year 1760 to '67, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the 'strike' at Eltringham ford. At that time I never paid more, and often less, than three-halfpence per pound. * * * Before, or perhaps about this time, there had always been an article inserted in every indenture in Newcastle, that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week, and the like bargain was made upon hiring ordinary servants." I may say there is no reference to salmon in the indenture

of apprenticeship of my great-grandfather, apprenticed in Newburn in 1740, which I have before me.

D. OLIVER, Kew.

A VICAR'S WILL.

On a fly leaf of my copy of the "Parochial History and Antiquities of Stockton-upon-Tees," by the Rev. John Brewster, there is in MS. the following copy of a will, said to be that of the Rev. John Skelly, who was vicar of Stockton from 1742 to 1772, and who died at Alnwick. While at Stockton, he put a stop to the inhuman custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Here is the will:—

What, Morgan dead! Upon my life,
We have another chance, my wife;
And as, my dear, they die so soon,
I'll make my will this afternoon:
To four good men give each a daughter,
To Dr. Riddal my cask of porter;
My hat and wig won't do for beaux,
But very well to fright the crows:
My gown and band to some old parson,
My tything book to good friend Lawson,
My boots and spurs put up by lot.
Who gets your snuffy coat? A Scot,
For there he'll forage for a year;
So let it not be brushed, my dear.
My shoes to John, I've but two pair.
To old Will Wright pray give my mare.
I'll keep this will in case I live;
I may perhaps have more to give,
Which shall be added when I've time,
And can compose another rhyme;
Sign'd, sealed, published, witness three,
My wife, my daughter Bess, and me.

W., Durham.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A VALENTINE'S DRESS.

Not many miles from Chester-le-Street, two young men were about to send a valentine to a young woman, when one asked the other if he knew her address, to which his friend replied, "Aye, aa believe she sometimes weers a black yen!"

MUTINEERS.

Some young women, in the vicinity of Shotton Colliery, were discussing the events of a mutiny that had occurred on board a man of war, when one of them, less informed than the rest, asked, "Wey, whaat countrymen de ye call the mutineers?" "Divvent ye knaa, Sally?" replied another; "them's sailors!"

BILLY STRETCHER.

About five and thirty years since Jarrow could boast of rather an eccentric general dealer, and it was a common by-word that Billy Stretcher had everything to sell. Some pitmen, lounging about the Short Row, made a bet that Billy hadn't a case for a wheelbarrow that was standing by. So to Billy they went with the barrow. On stating their demand, Billy coolly wheeled the article into his warehouse, locked the door, and, turning

round to his customers, said, "That's a case for it, hinnies; that's a case for it." There was no getting over Billy in any shape. He saw a customer helping himself to some eggs that stood on the counter, and took no notice. Just, however, as the customer was leaving, Billy gave him a clap or two on the pocket as he whispered, "Gude neet, gude neet, hinny; ye'll sune gi'e a caall agyen!"

HAIR-BRUSHING MACHINE.

One day a miner was passing down a street in Houghton-le-Spring, when he chanced to look into a barber's shop, where the barber was brushing a customer's hair with a machine. Never having seen the operation before, the miner called out to his mate, "Aa say, Geordy, cum here, man. Here's the barber cutting a chep's hair wiv a buzzon!"

THE NEW HUSBAND AND THE OLD ONE.

A Newcastle widow, after the death of her first husband, took to herself another mate, who in due course hung up his hat in the widow's house. Among the pictures which adorned the walls was an oil painting of the "late lamented." One day the new husband, who was sitting on the sofa underneath the portrait, struck his head against the massive frame. Rubbing the part which had been struck, and looking up at the picture which had caused the temporary pain, he addressed it thus, "Oh! aa'll sune hev thoop up in the garret!"

A VIOLINIST'S ADMIRER.

One Saturday night, a successful penny concert was given at Cullercoats, at which there was a large audience, principally fisherfolk. Amongst the performers was the well-known local violinist, Mr. J. H. Beers. After the concert, an old fisherman was asked by a gentleman how he had enjoyed the performance. This was his reply:—"Forst class, mistor. The fiddlin' o' that chep was the clivvorest aa ivvor hard; it wes worth paying a penny te hear him alyen!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Dr. Peter Henry M'Laren, a medical practitioner at Bedlington, died on the 8th of January, from the effects of an ordinary dose of chloral, which he had taken to procure sleep, as he had a heavy day's work to undertake on the following day.

On the 10th of January, Mrs. Waddilove, of Beacon Grange, Hexham, wife of Vice-Admiral Charles D. Waddilove, died at the Admiralty House, Sheerness. The deceased lady, who had given birth to a son on New Year's Day, was a daughter of Mrs. Blackett-Ord, of Whitfield Hall.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Rector of Stanhope, Wear-dale, died there, after a long illness, on the 11th of January. Dr. Ryan, who was formerly Bishop of the Mauritius, and afterwards Vicar of Bradford, was about seventy-two years of age.

On the 13th of January was announced the death, in his eighty-third year, of George Davidson, printer, Castle-gate, Berwick, who had witnessed the jubilees of George III. and Queen Victoria, in that town, of which he was a freeman.

The Rev. Charles Henry Ford, J.P., Vicar of Bishop-ton, near Stockton, died at that place on the 16th of January. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, and had held the living since 1858. The deceased gentleman was chairman of the justices of Stockton Petty Sessional Division.

Mr. Robert Cropton, an old Sunderland shipowner, died on the 16th January, at his residence, Park Place East, Sunderland, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Dr. R. G. Gammage, a medical gentleman who formerly resided and practised in Sunderland, died at Northampton, his native town, on the 7th of January.



Dr R. G. Gammage.

The deceased was one of the leaders in the Chartist movement, and in company with Mr. Ernest Jones and others visited the principal towns and cities in the United Kingdom, lecturing on the points of the People's Charter. He subsequently published a history of the agitation, and he lately furnished a narrative of his personal reminiscences to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The deceased gentleman, who was sixty-five years of age, had studied medicine in Newcastle.

On the same day, the death occurred at the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle, of Nurse M'Intyre, better known as Nurse Ellen, who for nearly a quarter of a century had been engaged as nurse, principally in the Magdalen Ward of that institution. The deceased lady, whose remains were removed to Leith for interment, was seventy-four years of age.

On the same day, Dr. James Scott, one of the oldest medical practitioners in Newcastle, died at his residence, Westmoreland Road, in that city. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Govan, near Glasgow, was sixty-one years of age.

Mr. John Thompson, one of the most prominent agriculturists on the Borders, and a very successful breeder

and exhibitor, died at Baillieknowe, near Kelso, on the 16th of January.

Mr. Christopher Stephenson, head agent for the Earl of Carlisle's estates, and a member of a well-known Tyne-side family of farmers, died on the 17th of January, at his residence, Four Gables, near Naworth Castle, Cumberland.

On the 18th of January, at the age of forty-nine years, died Mr. Alfred T. Gorrings, a son of Mr. Gorrings who for many years was proprietor of the Shakespeare Hotel, Newcastle. The deceased was one of a band of Tyne-side young men who joined Garibaldi's army in the struggle for the liberation of Italy in 1860.

Mr. John Bell, of Rushpool Hall, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, died suddenly, of heart disease, at Algiers, on the 21st of January. The deceased gentleman commenced his commercial career at Walker Iron Works, belonging to



Mr. John Bell.

the firm in which his father, Ald. Thomas Bell, formerly of Newcastle, was a partner. Soon after this he joined the house of Bell Brothers, then recently founded by his brother, Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, when he devoted his attention to the mining interests of the two firms. The deceased gentleman was sixty-eight years of age.

Mr. Henry M. Barnett, who for many years had carried on business as an artist in stained glass, in Westmoreland Street, Newcastle, and whose work bore a high reputation for beauty of design and delicacy of touch, died on the 26th of January, at his residence, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.

The death was announced, on the 27th of January, as having taken place on the 4th of that month, at Pittsburg, U.S., of Mr. Charles Bell, late of Consett, at the early age of twenty-four years. The deceased, who was a successful Wesleyan local preacher, left Consett for America in the beginning of November, 1886.

Mr. William Hope, plumber and gas-fitter at the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick,

was accidentally crushed to death between a crane and pillar at that establishment on the 27th of January. The deceased, who belonged to Blyth, and was only thirty-four years of age, was well known and admired in musical circles at that seaport, where he was for a long time precentor in the Bridge Street Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hope had just been appointed to a similar position in Westmoreland Road Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

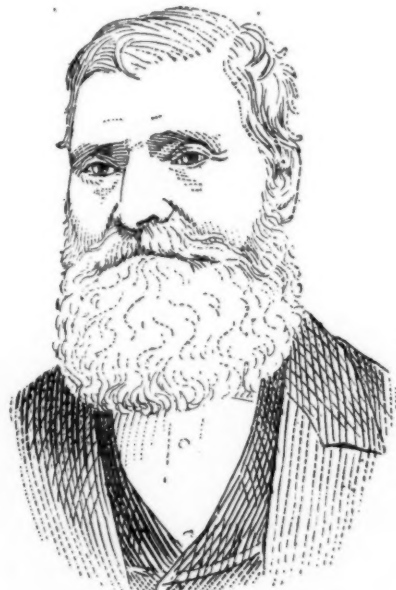
On the 1st of February, the death was announced, as having taken place on the 28th ult., of Mr. William Robinson Robinson, of Silksworth Hall, in the County of Durham. The deceased gentleman, who was a justice of the peace and a deputy lieutenant for the county of Durham, was eighty-three years of age.

Mr. William Rawling, a member of the Houghton Local Board, died at his residence there, on the 28th of January, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine years. The deceased had been an active advocate of the right of the working men to a large participation in the management of local affairs, and he was also a prominent Primitive Methodist.

On the 6th of February, the death was announced as having taken place suddenly, of Mr. George Hill, who for many years had been head-master of the schools established in connection with the Elswick Works, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman was sixty-four years of age.

The Rev John Low Low, Vicar of Whittonstall, and Honorary Canon of Newcastle, died on the 8th of February. The rev. gentleman, who was seventy-one years of age, was ordained in 1844 by Bishop Maltby, and the first curacy he held was that of St. Margaret's, Durham.

Mr. John Gallon, for thirty years a member of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, died at his residence, Westgate Road, in that city, on the 9th of February.



John Gallon.

The deceased, who was eighty-four years of age, was a shoemaker, and was a native of Longhorsley, Northumberland, whence he removed to Newcastle in 1825. Mr. Gallon was a keen politician, and was in early life a member of the Northern Political Union.

On the 12th of February, Mr. H. S. Sewell, solicitor, Newcastle, who had served his articles with Messrs. Hoyle, Shipley, and Hoyle, and who had been in practice since 1869, died at Whitley.

Mr. Mark William Carr, engineer, died suddenly on the 5th of February, at Morelia, Mexico, whither he had gone to examine and report on some mines. Mr. Carr, who was a son of the late Mr. John Thomas Carr, a former Sheriff of Newcastle, was sixty-six years of age, and was a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

On the 13th of February, Mr. W. Young, maltster, died at Berwick, of which he was believed to be the oldest inhabitant, his age being ninety-six years. The deceased gentleman was a member of the first Town Council after the passing of the Reform Bill.

Mr. Thomas Gray, an alderman of the Jarrow Town Council and a member of other local bodies, also died on the 13th of February. Mr. Gray, who was a farmer, and was a native of Clifton, near Morpeth, was sixty-four years of age.

Mr. John Corbitt, of the firm of Messrs. Dixon and Corbitt, rope manufacturers, Gateshead, who had been admitted into the Newcastle Royal Infirmary suffering from a compound fracture of the arm accidentally received, died in that institution on the 15th of February, aged seventy-two years.

12.—It was announced that Sir William Crossman, M.P., of Cheswick House, and lord of the manor of Holy Island, had, with the permission of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, commenced a series of excavations, with a view of laying bare the foundations and walls of the ruins of the monastic buildings outside the old Priory Church, Lindisfarne. The operations resulted in the discovery of a number of archaeological relics, including the foundation stones of three magnificent columns, like Durham Galilee Chapel.

13.—According to a local journal of this date, a ploughman named Kemp, while engaged at that work a few days previously in the Camp Field at Flodden, discovered two large freestone slabs, which it was afterwards found formed the covering of an ancient burying-place.

14.—Messrs. Stephenson and Co., engineers, in their new capacity of shipbuilders, launched the first steamer from their yard at Hebburn, the vessel being named the Endeavour, by Lady Pease.

16.—Mr. F. W. Wyndham, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, was entertained to a banquet at the Crown Hotel, and was presented with a cheque for £250. Mr. Wyndham, in the course of the speech which he made, said he was born on the stage, and two days afterwards he was carried across the stage of the old Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh. There was a fire at the theatre at the time, and he was christened "Phoenix" in consequence. His real name was Frederick William Phoenix Wyndham; but he was subjected to so much chaff that he eventually dropped the "Phoenix" altogether.

18.—The new Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle was consecrated at Rome to-day. Dr. O'Callaghan was born in London, and is 60 years of age. He was

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

9.—On the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Mr. Wm. Hedley, J.P., of Burnhopeside Hall, laid the foundation stone of a new mission church and infant school which he had undertaken to build for the benefit of his workpeople and their children at Craghead and Holmside Collieries, near Chester-le-Street.

10.—A fog of extraordinary density prevailed for several hours in the morning in Newcastle and neighbourhood.

—Mr. Sleeman, travelling inspector of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council, visited Newcastle, on business connected with the investigations being carried on throughout the country as to the healthfulness and safety of the sources of the milk-supply.

—The Gateshead Board of Guardians accepted the tender of Mr. Walter Scott for the erection of a new workhouse for £41,000.

11.—Advertisements were issued inviting tenders for a further issue of £125,000 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Corporation Stock, at 3½ per cent., making, with £890,000 previously taken up, the total amount of stock issued £1,015,000.



Dr. O'Callaghan.

educated at St. Edmund's College at Ware, and was ordained in London. He has been rector of the English College in Rome for nearly 25 years. In 1884, he was appointed domestic prelate to his Holiness the Pope.

Through his energy, there has been built a beautiful church in Rome, which is known as that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and which is attached to the English College. The cost of this erection was about £25,000, the sum being raised by subscriptions and contributions from all parts of Europe. It takes the place of the church destroyed by the French on entering the Holy City at the end of the last century. Our portrait of Dr. O'Callaghan is copied from a photograph taken in Rome.

—The new lecture-hall and vestries erected in connection with Dilston Road Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, were opened for public use.

—At a meeting of the Sunderland Town Council, a letter from the Earl of Camperdown, intimating his intention of presenting to the borough of Sunderland the medal presented to Jack Crawford by his fellow-townsmen after the battle of Camperdown in recognition of his bravery and gallantry in nailing Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast, was referred to the Museum Committee.

—The dedication took place of a new reredos, the gift of an anonymous donor, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Newcastle.

19.—As the local authority under the Explosives Act, 1875, the Tyne Improvement Commissioners granted permission to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. to establish in the river opposite Elswick a factory for making up quick-firing gun ammunition for her Majesty's Government, the leave being for the limited period of six months, and on condition that the applicants should pay to the Tyne Commissioners the sum of £250.

—A new market for North Shields, erected at a cost of £6,000, and fitted up with the Gülcher electric light, was opened by the Mayor and Corporation of that borough.

—Mr. T. W. Backhouse, of West Hendon House, and Mr. Frank Caws, architect, reported the result of their inquiries into the cause of a series of earth-tremors at Sunderland, the occurrences being attributed to a subsidence of the Hendon Valley. Three reasons were suggested for the phenomenon—colliery workings, the encroachment of the sea, and the instability of the limestone formation.

—A handsome new reredos, given by an anonymous donor for the adornment of St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, was dedicated by a special service, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Body.

—The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens) was presented with a handsome silver-mounted ivory order-keeping hammer, by the directors of the Shipping Insurance Associations, of which he was president.

—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held at the Exhibition Galleries, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle; and on the following evening the exhibition of pictures was inaugurated by the Earl of Ravensworth.

—At a sitting of the Sunderland County Court, Judge Meynell gave judgment, holding the directors of the Universal Building Societies liable for a sum of about £93,000, alleged to have been illegally advanced from one society to another, but his Honour granted a case for appeal.

20.—The screw-steamer Frederick Snowdon ran into and sank the Tyne Commissioners' steam hopper No. 1 in the river off Jarrow.

20.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor, and addressed by Col. Duncan, M.P., a centre was formed of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

21.—A representative body of coalowners, presided over by Mr. R. O. Lamb, met at the Coal Trade Office, Newcastle, to receive a deputation of the miners with reference to the resolutions passed at the late conference, with a view to effecting a restriction of the output. (See vol. ii., page 47.) The chairman said he was sorry that they could not comply with the resolutions of the men.

22.—At the invitation of the Mayor, the Sheriff, Town Clerk, and members of the Corporation, together with representatives of the Board of Guardians and other public bodies, attended service in their official capacity in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Albert Bishop.

—A stained-glass window to the memory of Mr. G. T. Chinnery, who was killed by the explosion at the Redheugh Tar Works on the 3rd of December, 1886, was unveiled in St. Cuthbert's Church, Bensham, by the Bishop of Durham.

23.—As the result of an address delivered by the Rev. Herbert V. Mills, it was resolved to form in Newcastle a branch of the Home Colonization Society, for buying up tracts of land and establishing industrial villages and colonies, peopled by men and women picked out of the ranks of the unemployed.

—A little boy, named Louis Geltsharp, aged seven years, died from the effects of injuries resulting from the burning of a carpet and some wearing apparel, to which he and his little sister had set fire on the previous day at the house of their parents, North View, Heaton, Newcastle.

24.—A conference was held in Newcastle in support of State-directed Colonization, the chair being occupied by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Wilberforce; and at night there was a public meeting in furtherance of the same object, presided over by Mr. J. C. Laird, chairman of the Trades Council.

25.—In celebration of the one hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Burns, a dinner was held in the County Hotel, under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, the chair being occupied by Mr. Adam Carse, and the vice-chair by Dr. Adam Wilson.

—In the course of the report, read by Dr. Hodgkin, at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, held at the Old Castle—the Earl of Ravensworth presiding—reference was made to the publication of another volume of Mr. Welford's valuable work, "The History of Newcastle and Gateshead." Mention was also made of the issue of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle," by Mr. W. H. Knowles and the Rev. J. R. Boyle, and (continued the document) "the *Monthly Chronicle* is usefully rescuing from oblivion some of those fragments of information as to the manners and customs of past times which till now have been too often buried out of sight in the cumbrous files of country newspapers." "To these and to other fellow-workers in the field of antiquarian research," the report added, "we offer our hearty good wishes." The report was unanimously adopted.

26.—Berlioz's great work, "Faust," was produced for the first time in this district, in the Victoria Hall,

Sunderland, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society of that town. On the following evening, it was given by Dr. Rea at his third subscription concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

27.—After a long course of remarkably mild weather, snow began to fall in Newcastle, and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, was observed. At Jarrow, the storm was accompanied by a whirlwind, by the force of which a trap, containing two young men, named George Atkinson and James Teasdale, was overturned, and the driver was lifted from the ground, carried a short distance, and thrown down again. Mr. Atkinson, who is a butcher in the Market Square, Jarrow, stated that he was lifted out of the vehicle, and carried straight down the street a distance of 150 yards before touching the ground, and was then deposited on his back, his leg, which came in contact with the corner of a house, being badly hurt. Teasdale was also projected from the trap against some iron rails near a shop window further down the street, but beyond a slight shock he did not receive any injury. Five fishermen, who had gone off to the Farne Islands to shoot wild ducks, were detained by the storm on the rocks all night, whence they were rescued next morning by the Grace Darling life-boat.

28.—A total eclipse of the moon, commencing about 8.30 p.m. and terminating shortly after 1 o'clock next morning, was observed under most favourable conditions in Newcastle and neighbourhood.

31.—It was announced that an anonymous donation of £1,000 had been given towards the fund for completing the interior restoration of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle.

FEBRUARY.

1.—A banquet, in celebration of the centenary of Messrs. Lambton and Co., bankers, Grey Street, Newcastle, was given in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate Road, in that city. There were upwards of a hundred guests, and the chair was occupied by Mr. Henry Ralph Lambton, senior member of the firm. The toast of "Health and Success to Lambton's Bank" was proposed by the Earl of Ravensworth.

—At a meeting held in the Council Chamber, under the presidency of Dr. Burdon, a new society was formed under the title of "The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary Club," Dr. Hodgkin being elected as the first president. The following gentlemen were selected vice-presidents:—Mr. W. E. Adams, Mr. John Morley, M.P., Dr. Bruce, and Mr. Richard Welford.

2.—It was announced that, in connection with the issue of £125,000 3½ per cent. stock by the Newcastle Corporation, tenders had been received for £682,140, the average price obtained being £102 2s. 8d.

3.—A large flour mill at New Shildon, belonging to the Bishop Auckland Co-operative Society, was destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at about £10,000.

—Mr. Miles Walker Mattinson, Recorder of Blackburn, and a native of Newcastle, was elected member for the Walton Division of Liverpool.

6.—Mr. Childers, M.P., delivered a political speech at Bishop Auckland.

—The new building of the Sunderland Girls' High School, erected by the Church Schools Company, at a cost of £5,000, was opened by the Bishop of Durham.

6.—At the fourth annual meeting of the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund, it was stated that nearly £63,000 had been contributed for the purpose of church extension in four years; and it was unanimously resolved to keep the fund open for other five years.

8.—On the occasion of his semi-jubilee as minister of Blackett Street Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, the Rev. Richard Leitch was presented by his congregation with an illuminated address, a purse containing 134 new sovereigns, and four corner plates for Mrs. Leitch. From friends outside the congregation he received a dining-room clock, with ornaments to match, and 50 sovereigns. The Rev. Robert Stewart, as Moderator of Presbytery, presented an address on behalf of that body.

9.—At a meeting of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, it was announced that, owing to the heavy rent demanded, Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. had abandoned the projected ammunition factory on the Tyne at Newcastle.

—Parliament opened to-day. Lord Armstrong spoke for the first time in the House of Lords, in seconding the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech. The Address in the Commons was moved by Mr. John Lloyd Wharton, member for the Ripon Division of Yorkshire, and seconded by Colonel Francis Duncan, member for the Holborn Division of Islington. Mr. Wharton has long been con-



MR. J. L. WHARTON, M.P.

nected with the political and other affairs of the County of Durham. Several times a candidate for the Cathedral City, he was only once successful. He was, however, returned for the Ripon Division in 1886. Mr. Wharton is chairman of the Durham County Quarter Sessions, Colonel Duncan, a distinguished artillery officer who rendered important services during the expedition up the Nile, has also had political connections with the district.

When Mr. Burt was first returned for Morpeth, the gallant officer was the Conservative candidate. Subsequently he was an unsuccessful candidate for Sunderland and Durham City.



COLONEL DUNCAN, M.P.

10.—A dividend of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was declared at the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, letters were read from the Local Government Board intimating that, as the result of the recent inquiry into the outbreak of fever at the Workhouse, the medical officer (Dr. Hardcastle) and the master of the Workhouse (Mr. Howitt) had been called upon to resign their respective appointments.

11.—About midnight, a fire broke out in the Theatre Royal, the property of Mr. Richard Fynes, at Blyth, involving the total destruction of that building.

12.—The first of a series of Sunday evening lectures was delivered at Darlington, by Mr. Fred. Villiers, of the *Graphic*.

14.—Intimation was received at Durham from the Home Secretary that George Beesley, convicted, with three other men, of the murder of William Waine at Spennymoor in 1872, but whose sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life, had been granted a free pardon. Two of the persons concerned in the crime, Hugh Slaine and John Hayes, were executed, the third, a man named Rice, being reprieved on account of his youth.

—About 56,000 valentines passed through the Newcastle Post Office, being, as compared with 1887, a decrease of 14,000.

15.—Three men were severely injured by the sudden collapse, while in the course of demolition, of the South Court of the Newcastle Exhibition.

—It was stated in a local journal that a gentleman at Gosforth, near Newcastle, had succeeded in growing a quantity of tobacco.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

18.—Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., and Mr. John Burns were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment each, without hard labour, for riotously assembling in Trafalgar Square, London.

19.—Rear-Admiral Lewis Hutton Versturme committed suicide at Falmouth, by thrusting a red-hot poker into his bowels in four places, whilst in a paroxysm of suicidal mania.

22.—Whilst speaking at an Anarchist meeting at Havre, France, Louise Michel was fired at and wounded in the head.

24.—A colliery explosion took place at Wellington Mines, Vancouver Island, when 34 white men and 41 Chinamen were killed.

27.—The Variedades Theatre, Madrid, was burnt to the ground.

28.—Mr. Joseph Richard Cox, M.P., was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for making a speech in a proclaimed district of Ireland.

31.—A boycotted farmer, named Fitzmaurice, was murdered on the high road near Tralee, in the presence of his daughter.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Severe shocks of earthquake were experienced about this time in England and Scotland.

3.—A man named Samuel Hill Derby poisoned himself, his wife, and six children, at Salford.

—A treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary was published to-day, and caused a great sensation in political and diplomatic circles.

5.—Prince Bismarck delivered an important speech in the German Reichstag in reference to the relations of Russia and Germany.

9.—The third session of the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened by Royal Commission.

—The operation of tracheotomy was successfully performed upon the Crown Prince of Germany.

10.—Mr. James Gilhooly, M.P., and Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P., were arrested in London, outside the House Commons, for offences under the Crimes Act in Ireland. Both had avoided arrest for some time. Mr. Pyne was afterwards sentenced, at Kilmacthomas, Ireland, to three months' imprisonment without hard labour. Notice of appeal was given. As the hon. member was leaving the courthouse, he was re-arrested on a charge of making a speech at Clonmel, infringing the provisions of the Crimes Act. The same night, while Mr. Pyne was being escorted from Waterford Gaol to the railway station *en route* for Clonmel, stones were thrown at the police, one stone striking Mr. Pyne on the head, cutting him severely.